

JANUARY No. 6

10¢

SMASH COMICS



NOW, BLACK X—
TELL US THE
GOVERNMENT
ESPIONAGE PLANS
OR WE BLOW YOU
INTO SPACE ON
THIS ROCKET!

— STARRING —
ESPIONAGE

CHIC CARTER, PHILPOT VEEP,
JOHN LAW, CLIP CHANCE, WUN
CLOO, ABDUL THE ARAB, CAPTAIN
COOK, and many others.

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

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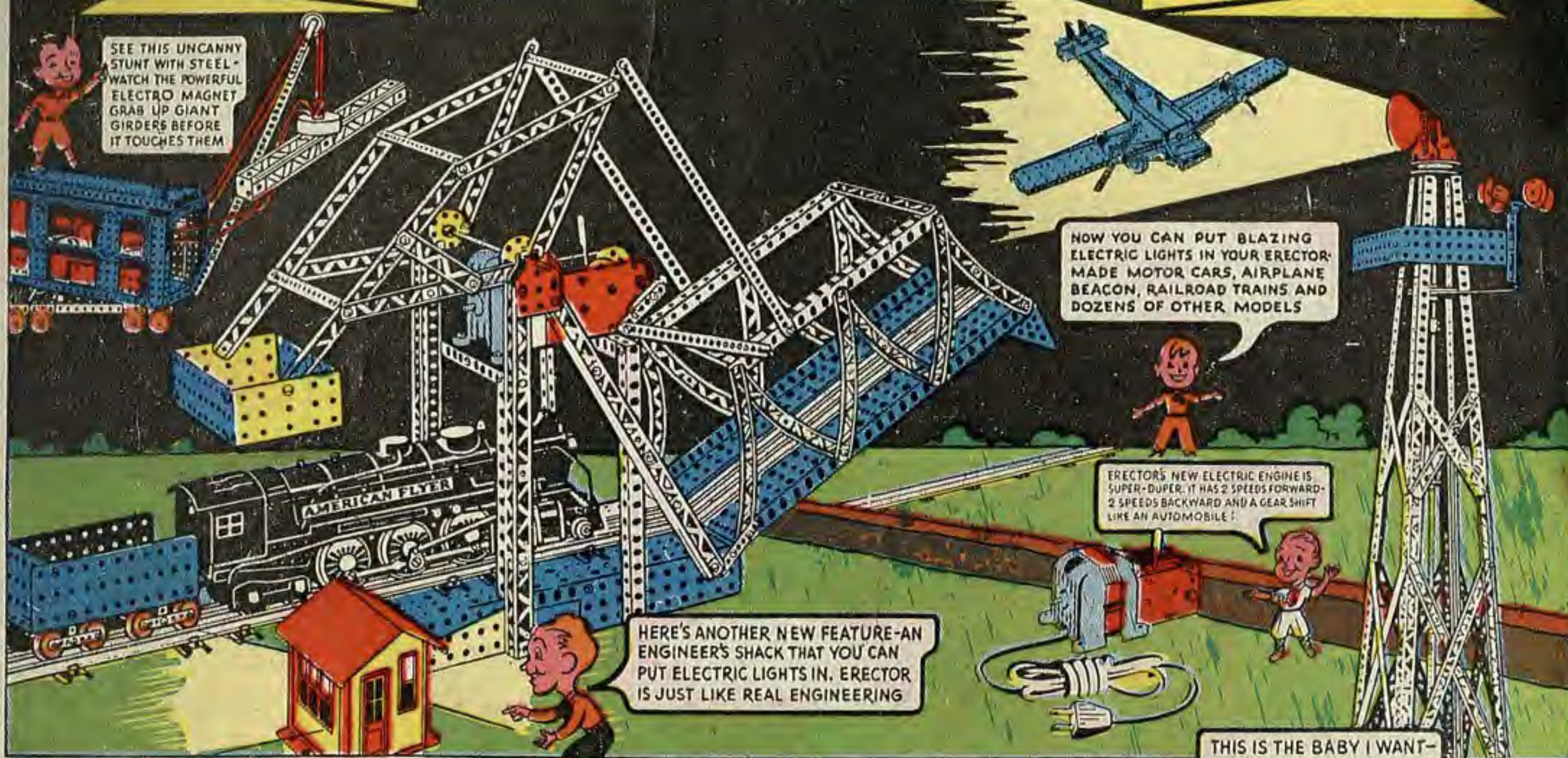


HELLO BOYS—the
sensational new **ERECTORS**
ARE ABLAZE WITH LIGHTS

THEY'RE COLOSSAL! THESE ALL-ELECTRIC
ERECTORS—4 speed Electric engine—
Electric lights—Electro magnet



DEVELOPED AT THE GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE



BOYS!

Leading toy stores are showing a sensational new kind of Erector this year. An Erector that makes model-building more fun than the movies—more exciting than a football game. Because Erector has gone *all-electric*.

Now, for the first time, you can build a revolving airplane beacon with a real electric searchlight—construct electrically lighted railroad trains, Ferris wheel, airplanes, motor cars—erect electric bridges that open and close—make mighty cranes that grab up steel girders by electro-magnetic power.

You can build all the engineering marvels you see on this page—and 100 more—with one Erector Set. Put dazzling electric lights on them. Make them buzz with action with the new 4-speed Erector electric engine. There are more blood-tingling thrills in the new All-Electric Erector than in a dozen ordinary toys. Tell Dad that Erector is your No. 1 choice of Christmas presents.

Get a load of the No. 8½ All-Electric Erector. Crammed with exciting electrical and structural parts. Electric lights—110 volt electric engine with 4 speeds and automobile-type gear shift—powerful electro-magnet. Also, polished steel boiler shell—big red wheels—steel girders and red, yellow and blue structural plates—gears and pinions—a total of 18 lbs. of up-to-the-minute parts for building over 100 colossal, engine-driven, electrically lighted engineering marvels. Price \$12.95; other Erectors from \$1.00 to \$29.95.



FREE

WORLD'S FAIR EDITION
"TOYS THAT BUZZ WITH ACTION"

20 color pages—
over 100 illustrations

The Sensational New ALL-ELECTRIC ERECTOR

AS EXHIBITED
AT THE
NEW YORK
WORLD'S
FAIR



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Founder of the
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Science—the
home of Erector,
American Flyer
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HELLO BOYS! This exciting book has full color pictures and descriptions of the new All-Electric Erectors as exhibited at the New York World's Fair. To own a copy is almost as thrilling as seeing the exhibit itself. Don't lose a minute in sending for one. It's free. Just mail coupon or post card.

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18 Erector Square, New Haven, Conn.

You bet I want your World's Fair Edition "Toys That Buzz With Action." Please rush. (Offer good only in U. S. A. and Canada).

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ESPIONAGE



Starring
The **BLACK X**
BANG

THE HOPES OF THE DICTATORSHIPS TO CRUSH THE ALLIED DEMOCRACIES IN ONE LIGHTNING BLOW (*BLITZKREIG*) FAILED, AND THE SECOND WORLD WAR WHICH ENGULFED EUROPE SOON DEVELOPED INTO WHAT PROMISED TO BE A LONG, DRAWN OUT, REIGN OF HORROR..... THE SLOW EXTERMINATION OF EUROPEANS!

BUT AS KING GEORGE OF ENGLAND SAID IN HIS SPEECH AT THE OPENING OF THE CONFLICT "WAR IS NO LONGER CONFINED TO THE BATTLE-FIELDS".....



HE WAS RIGHT... FOR THE WEAPONS OF MODERN WARFARE KNOW NO BOUNDARIES, AND BEYOND THE FRONT, CIVILIANS WAIT AND SUFFER...



IN GOVANIA, ONE OF THE WARRING NATIONS...

THE LATEST REPORT SAYS... THE FOOD SHORTAGE HAS REACHED A CRISIS.. UNLESS WE HAVE FOOD..



WE DON'T NEED FOOD! THE PEOPLE OF GOVANIA WILL FIGHT FOR THEIR IDEALS!



AW, SHUT UP, THALGA! SAVE THAT STUFF FOR THE MASS MEETINGS



CAREFUL, MARSHAL STADT, YOU FORGET TO WHOM YOU TALK!! I AM..



YEAH, I KNOW.. YOU ARE THALGA, THE SUPREME DICTATOR OF GOVANIA!



LOOK HERE, THALGA.. IT'S ABOUT TIME WE HAD A SHOWDOWN!! YOU MAY BE A GOD TO THOSE DOWN-TRODDEN PEOPLE YOU MAKE SPEECHES TO, BUT TO ME, YOU'RE STILL A SMALL-TIME CORPORAL WHOM I MADE DICTATOR!



STADT! I'LL HAVE YOU SHOT!

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! ALL YOU'RE GOOD FOR IS RABBLE ROUSING! YOU NEED ME TO RUN THINGS FOR YOU.. WITHOUT ME AROUND, THOSE SNEAKING CABINET MINISTERS WOULD STAB YOU IN THE BACK!





NOW-LET'S STOP ARGUING AND ATTEND TO THIS WAR THAT YOU STARTED--THE DEMOCRACIES ARE CLEVER.... THEY'RE STARVING US OUT!

BAH! WE'LL BUY OUR FOOD FROM YADOVNIA!



WITH WHAT?? YOU'VE SPENT ALL OF THIS COUNTRY'S MONEY ON MUNITIONS, PURGES, AND PARTIES.. THE ARMY MUST HAVE FOOD TO WIN!



THEN TAKE THE FOOD AWAY FROM THE PEOPLE, AND GIVE IT TO THE SOLDIERS.. LET THE PEOPLE STARVE! DESTINY WILL PROVIDE FOR THE FUTURE!

VERY WELL, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG IT WILL LAST!

OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO A BLEAK MINING AREA, 6000 MILES AWAY IN ALASKA. TWO OLD SOURDOUGHS TRUDGE WEARILY ACROSS AN ABANDONED CLAIM.



PHEW..I'M ALL TUCKERED OUT! PROSPECTIN' AIN'T WHAT IT USE'TA BE!

YEAH--LET'S CAMP HERE..



GATHER SOME WOOD, AND I'LL HEAT UP A CAN O' BEANS.

S-SQUINTY, C'MERE, MAYBE I'M SEEING THINGS!



GOLD!

WITH THE SPEED OF A HURRICANE, THE MAGIC WORD SWEEPS ACROSS THE CONTINENT...GOLD, GOLD, GOLD!!!



AND A WORLD, STARVED BY A WAR THAT HAS SAPPED ITS RESOURCES, RECEIVES THE NEWS HUNGRILY.....

LIVES ARE WRECKED, FAMILIES DESERTED. HEIRLOOMS PAWNED TO FINANCE EXPEDITIONS. THE THUNDER OF GOLD-MAD THOUSANDS ECHOES, AS THEY STAMPEDE TOWARD ALASKA. RICH MAN, POOR MAN, BEGGAR MAN, THIEF. ALL JOIN THE RUSH

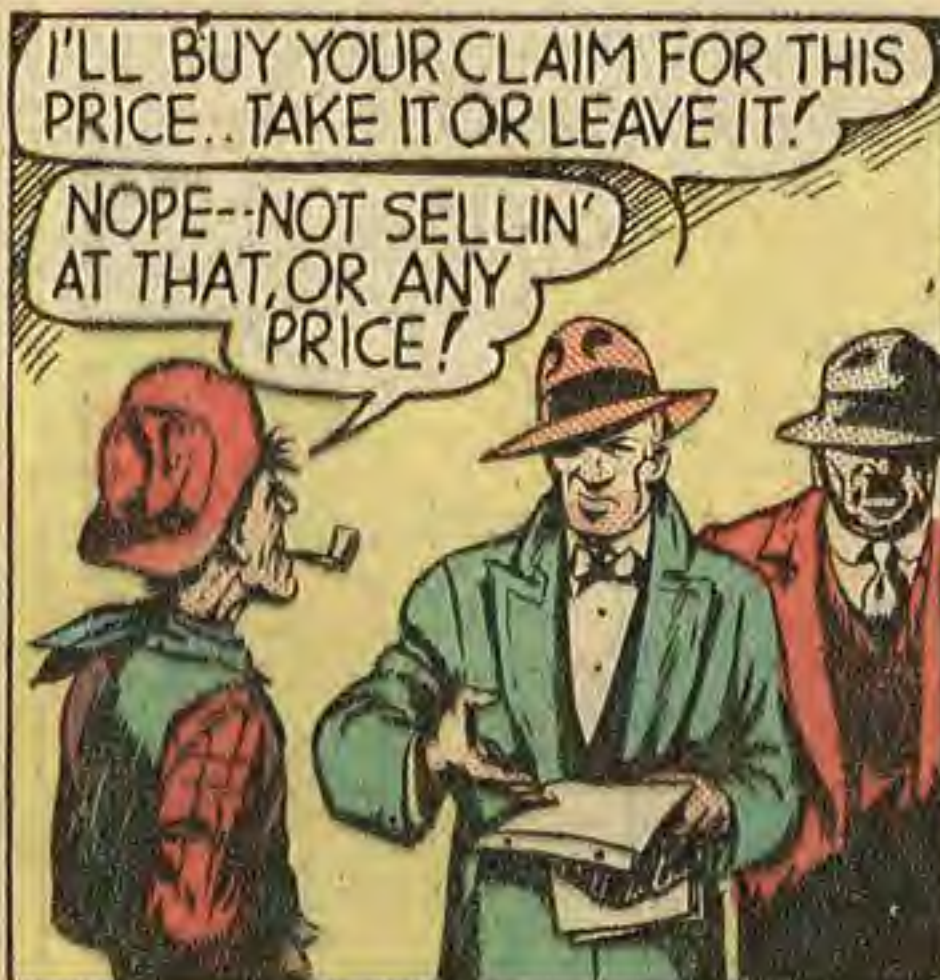


AND IN GOVANIA, THAL GA SMILES AS HE RECOGNIZES THE HAND OF DESTINY...



GOLD DISCOVERED IN ALASKA... DESTINY IS KIND!

DESTINY OR LUCK.. THIS IS A BREAK!!



IN WASHINGTON. IN THE OFFICE
OF THE ESPIONAGE.....



WELL, WHY BOTHER ME..
LET THE F.B.I. HANDLE IT..
THIS IS AN OFFICE FOR
MILITARY
ESPIONAGE!

HMPH,
ALWAYS
BOTHERING
ME WITH
TRIVIALITIES
!!

TRIVIALITIES?
DID IT EVER OCCUR
TO YOU, MAJOR,
THAT MANY
COUNTRIES IN
EUROPE COULD
USE SOME OF
THAT GOLD
THAT'S BEING MINED
IN ALASKA?



CHIEF, WITH GOLD AT ABOUT
90 DOLLARS AN OUNCE,
A WELL ORGANIZED
GANG COULD STEAL
ABOUT TWO BILLION
DOLLARS
WORTH IN
SIX MONTHS!
I'D LIKE TO
GO THERE,
CHIEF!

SAY..
YOU'RE
RIGHT,
X!



BUT--MINING TOWNS ARE..WELL,
THEY'RE TOUGH,UR-UMPH--
THAT IS--ER--I MEAN YOUR
MONOCLE-ER-IT MAKES YOU
LOOK LIKE--
AHEM--A
SISSY!

REALLY?



SUDDENLY, BATU SPEAKS..

MASTER NO SISSY.. HE
WEAR MONOCLE BECAUSE
KADU-KAN PUT EYE OUT
AS TORTURE, WHEN
MASTER NOT TELL
GREAT ARMY SECRET!
NOW..MASTER
SISSY??

ER--
NO!!
WHEW!



TWO DAYS LATER, TWO TOTALLY OUT-OF-PLACE FIGURES WALK
CALMLY INTO THE ROARING BOOM TOWN OF TIMBER, KLONDIKE.



WHERE WE
HIDE, MASTER
??

WE'RE NOT GOING
TO HIDE, BATU. I'M
GOING TO TRY TO
BECOME AS PROMINENT
AS POSSIBLE.. IT SUITS
MY PLANS
BETTER!



..AND THAT IS
HOW I'LL DO
IT!

THE NEXT DAY... X SAUNTERS
TO THE LOCAL FIGHT OFFICE..



WHO'S THE
BOSS?

I AM!
WHO WANTS
'IM?

I DO.. I WANT TO
SIGN UP TO FIGHT
YOUR BOY,
"KILLER"
DONOVAN!

WHAT?!-
OH, G'WAN
HOME
AND PLAY,
PERFESSION,
I AIN'T IN NO
MOOD FER
JOKES
!!

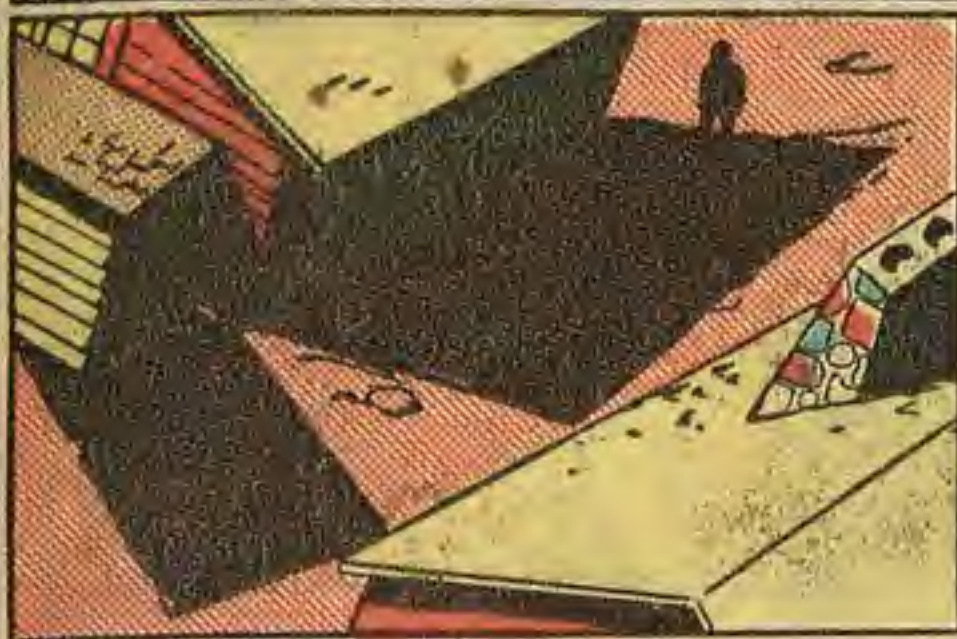


I SAID I'M
FIGHTING 'KILLER'
DONOVAN
TO-NIGHT!

I-O-OH-
WELL WHY
DIDN'TCHA
SAY SO BE-
FORE! SURE,
OF COURSE!



THAT NIGHT, WHILE THE TOWN IS GATHERED IN THE ARENA TO WITNESS THE MATCH, THE SLIM FIGURE OF BATU IS SEEN NEAR THE LAND OFFICE.



MASTER SMART--ALL PEOPLE GO SEE "SISSY" WITH MONOCLE FIGHT--- BATU HAVE NO INTERFERENCE!



AT THE ARENA, A ROARING CROWD SHOUTS WITH GLEE AT THE NEWCOMER-- BLACK X IS CALM...



ARE YOU THE REFEREE ??

YEAH--WHERE DO YEZ WANT YER BODY SENT, "FANCYPANTS"?



AT THE BELL... BLACK X MEETS DONOVAN'S SAVAGE LUNGE AND BRINGS UP A HARD LEFT HOOK TO HIS JAW...



THE CROWD IS HUSHED IN AWE. AGAIN AND AGAIN, X LASHES HIS OPPONENT WITH WHIP-LIKE LEFTS.



THE SPECTATORS ROAR THEIR APPROVAL AS X'S FISTS THUD AGAINST "KILLER'S" JAW..



SUDDENLY, BATU ENTERS, AND WAVES-- X SEES HIM OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE...



I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, BATU--I WAS ONLY STALLING WITH THIS PUG ANYHOW!

IT'S A KAYO!



LATER, BLACK X RETURNS TO HIS APARTMENT...

HERE--TAKE MY COAT, BATU... I'VE BEEN FOLLOWED.. THE "FISH" ARE BITING ALREADY!

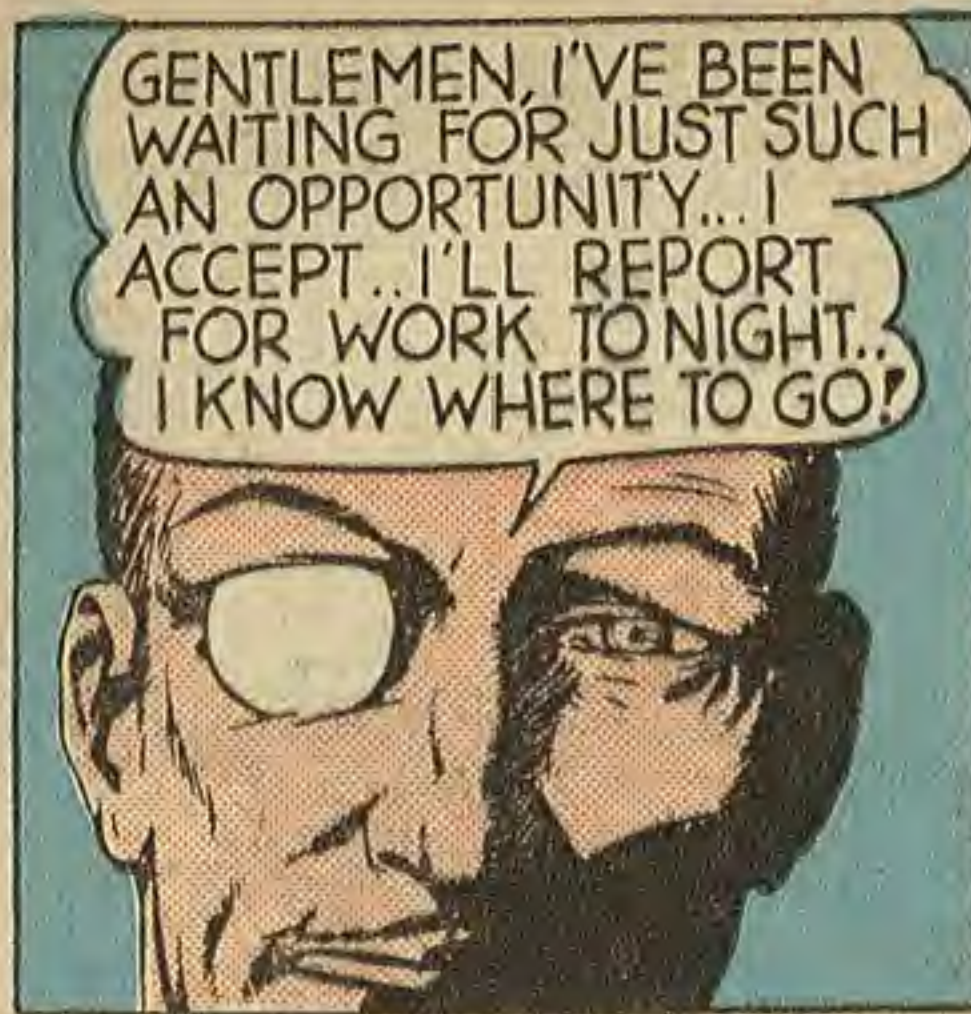


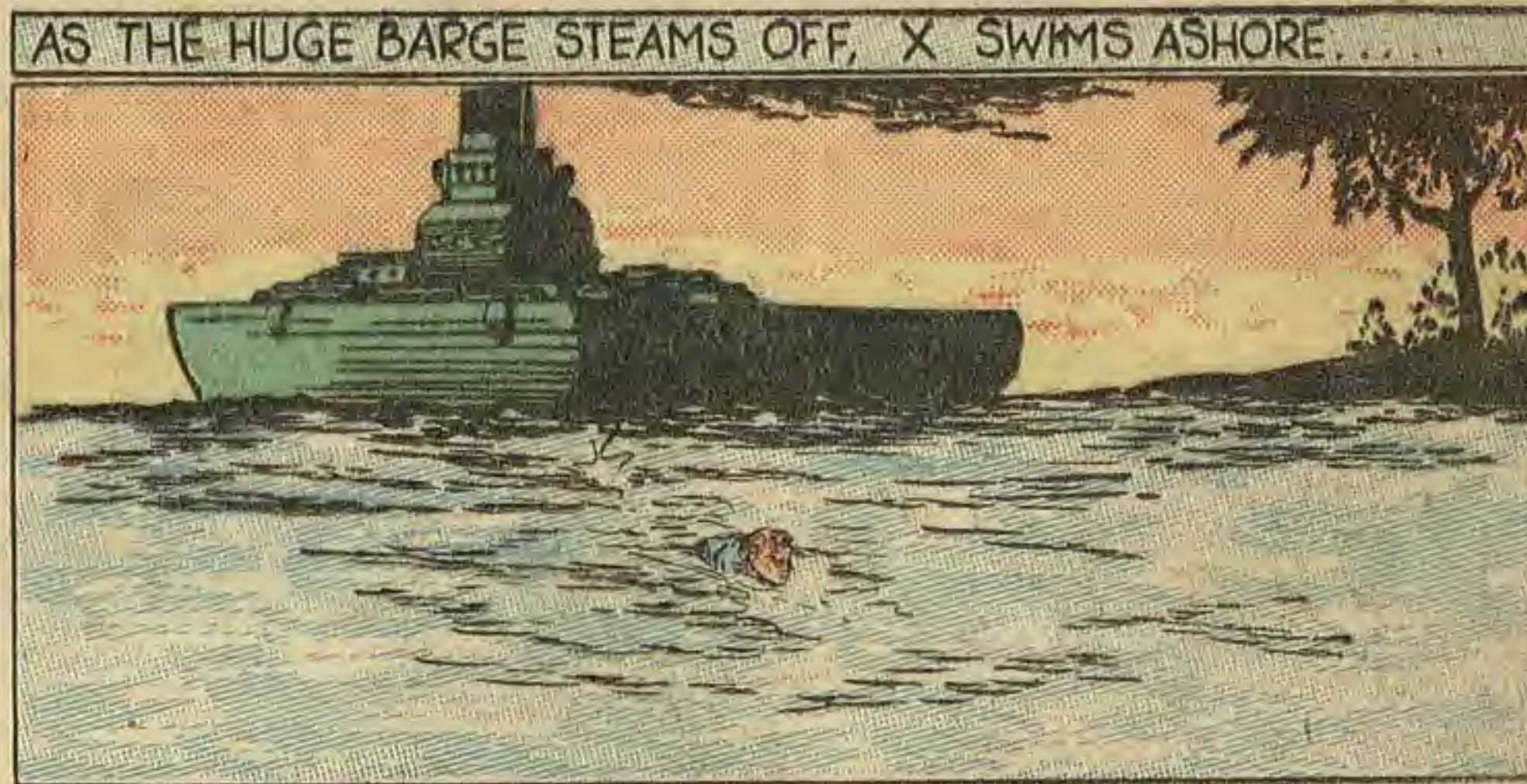
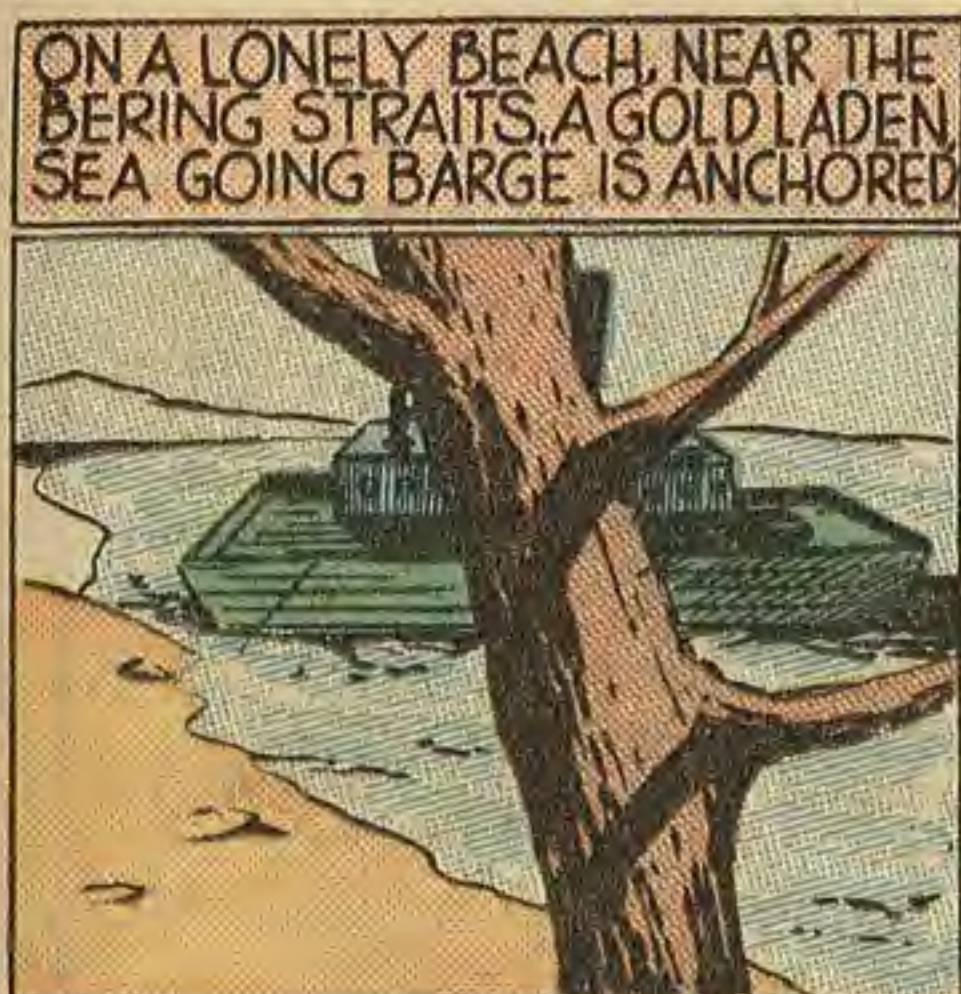
IN THE HALL, TWO MEN TALK.

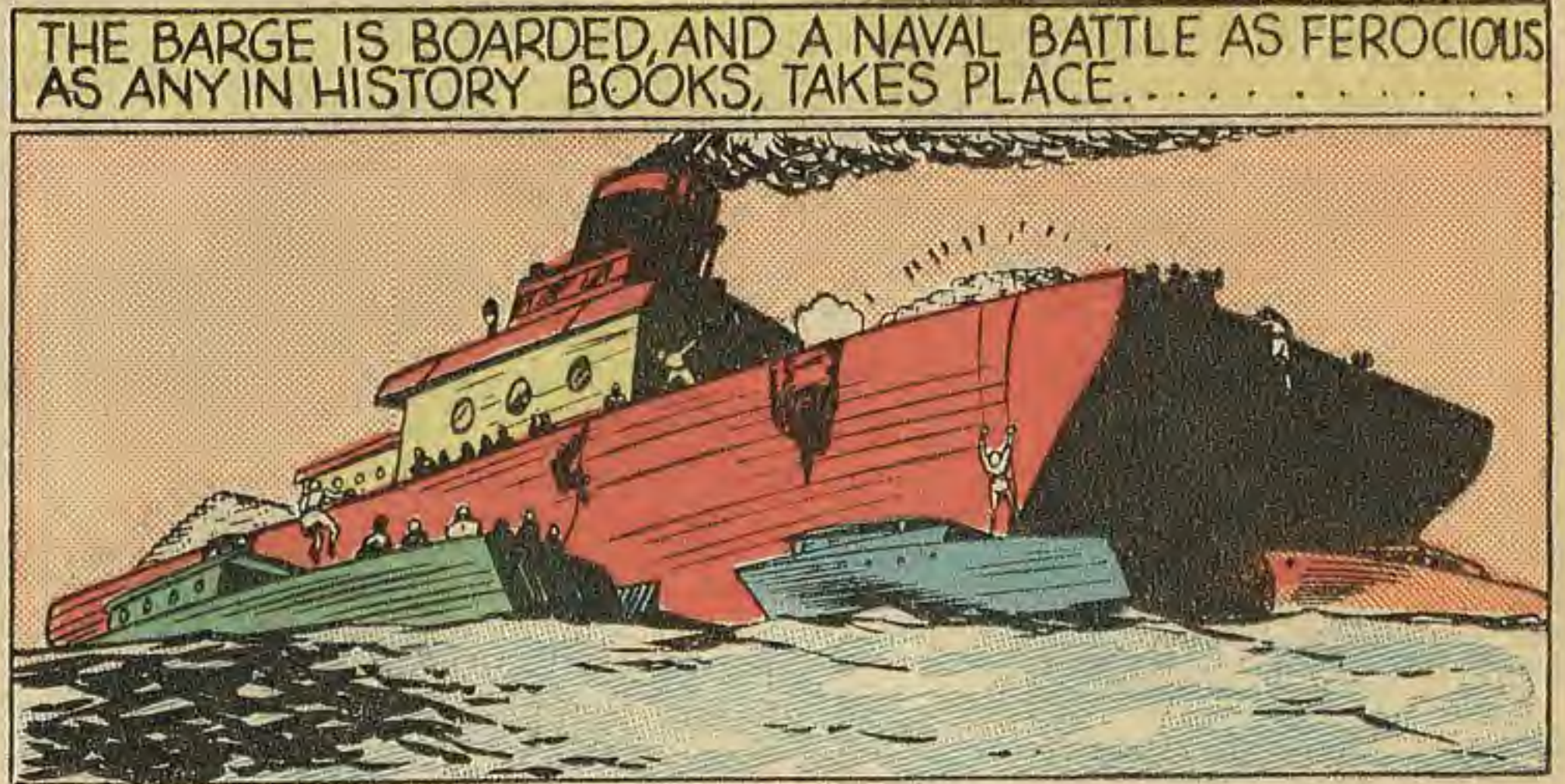
WE'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL, KARL--HE MAY BE AN ESPIONAGE AGENT!

NONSENSE! DO YOU THINK AN AGENT WOULD LET EVERYONE SEE HIM LIKE THAT? LET'S GO UP. WE CAN USE A MAN LIKE HIM!











IF THEY SEE THOSE MINERS, THEY'LL SHOOT THEM LIKE RATS!



SWOOPING LOW, X RELEASES THE TORPEDO.....



A DIRECT HIT!!..



ON THE BARGE...

WELL--YOU TWO--YOU'RE COMIN' BACK TO STAND TRIAL FER MURDER, SPYIN', AND ANYTHING ELSE WE CAN THINK OF!

TURN THE BARGE AROUND, AND BRING THIS GOLD BACK TO UNCLE SAM!

HEY, LOOK, THERE GOES THE PLANE THAT GUIDED US!



WONDER WHO HE IS?

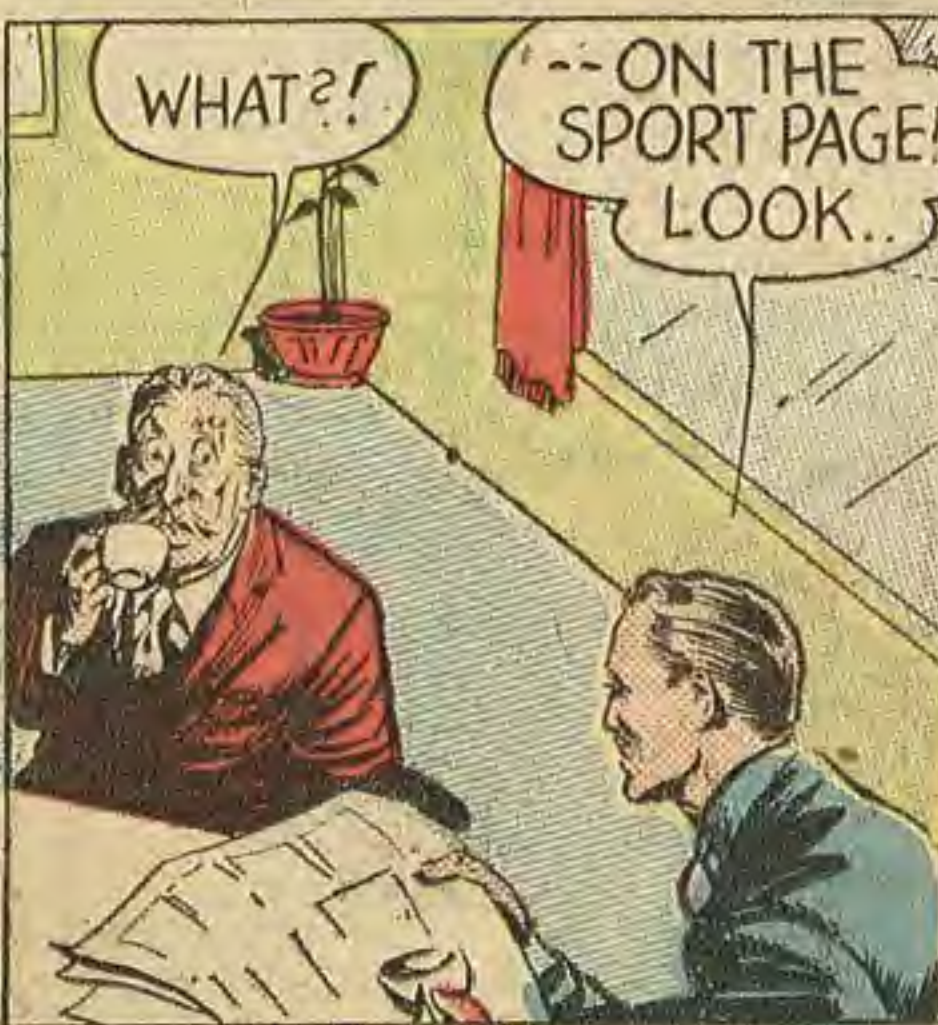
THESE EVENTS, STRANGELY ENOUGH, NEVER REACHED THE NEWSPAPERS. BUT THE HEADLINES THAT FOLLOWED SEVERAL DAYS LATER, CLEARLY INDICATED THE RESULT OF X'S NEAT EXPLOIT.....



AND AS USUAL.....IN BLACK X'S FAVORITE WASHINGTON REST-AURANT.....

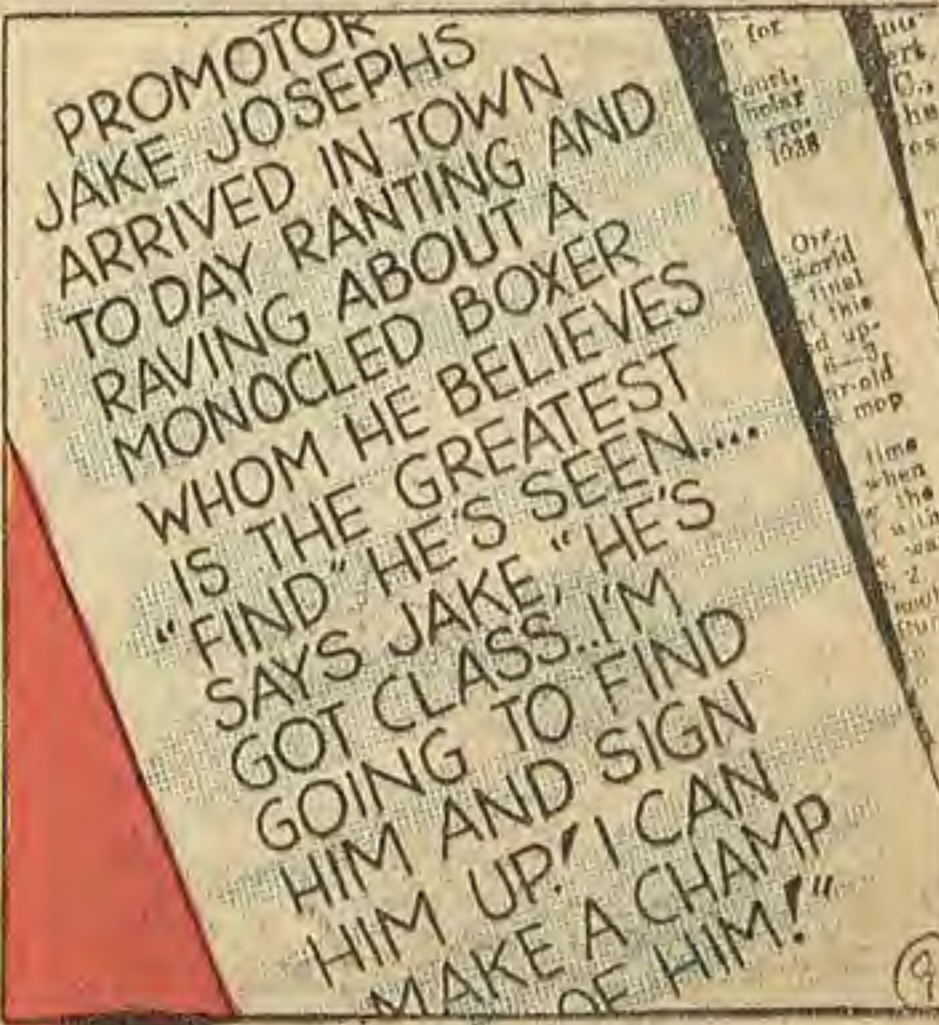
I HOPE YOUR NAME ISN'T INVOLVED IN THE SPY TRIAL... YOU KNOW YOU'D BE USELESS TO US IF...

BUT I AM IN THE NEWS!



WHAT?!

-- ON THE SPORT PAGE! LOOK..

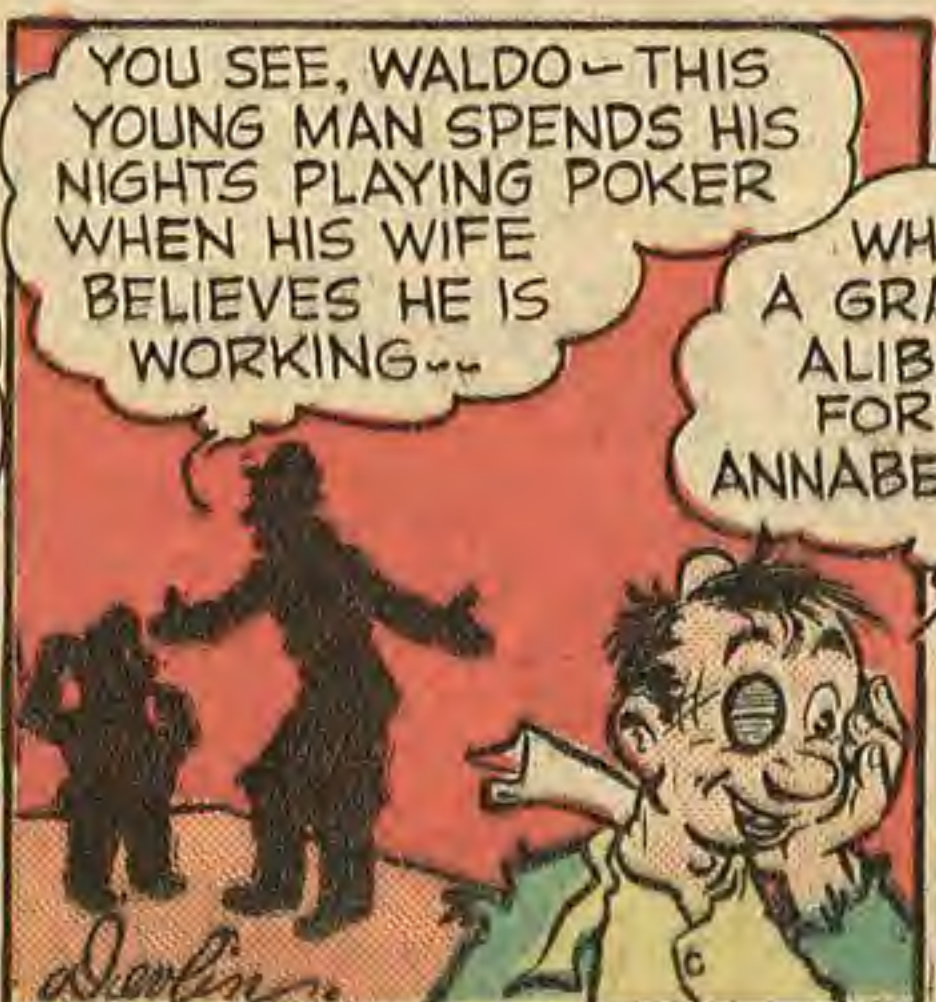


PROMOTOR JAKE JOSEPHS ARRIVED IN TOWN TO DAY RANTING AND RAVING ABOUT A MONOCLED BOXER WHOM HE BELIEVES IS THE GREATEST "FIND" HE'S SEEN... SAYS JAKE, "HE'S GOT CLASS. I'M GOING TO FIND HIM AND SIGN HIM UP! I CAN MAKE A CHAMP OF HIM!"

PHILPOT VEEP

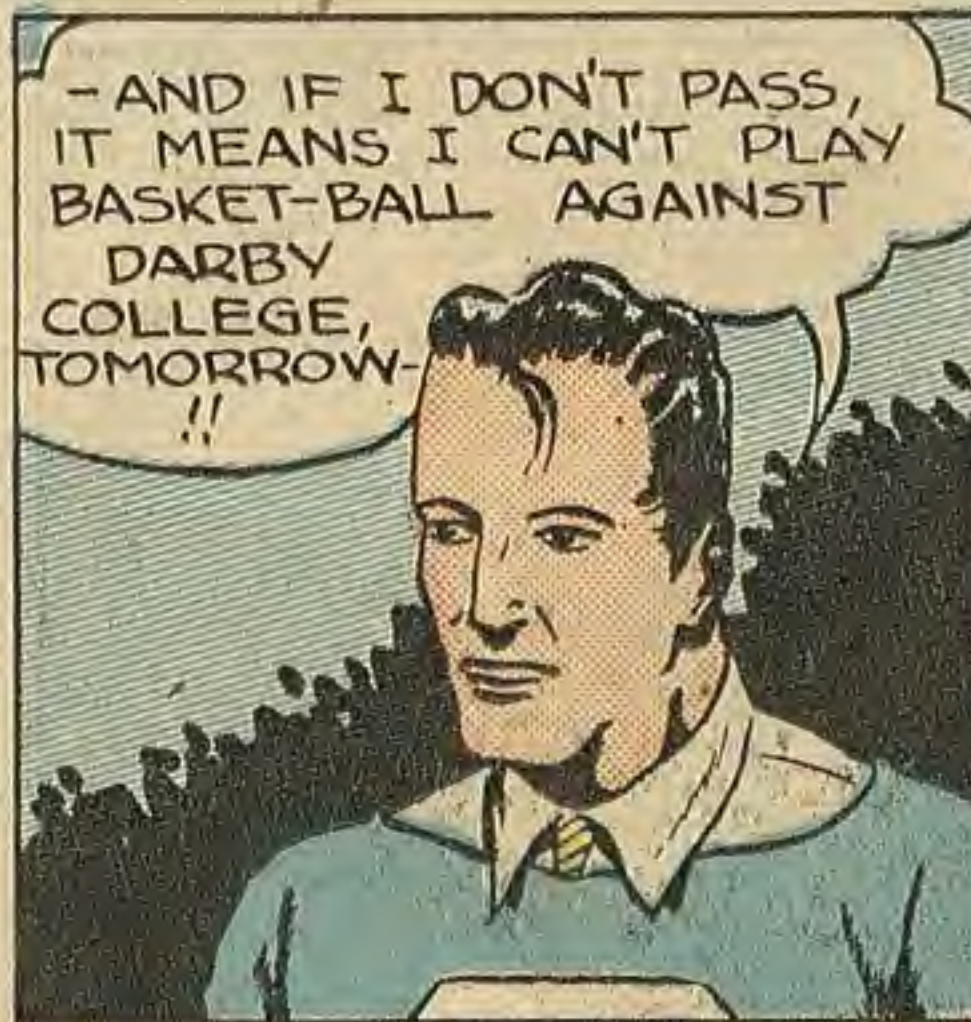
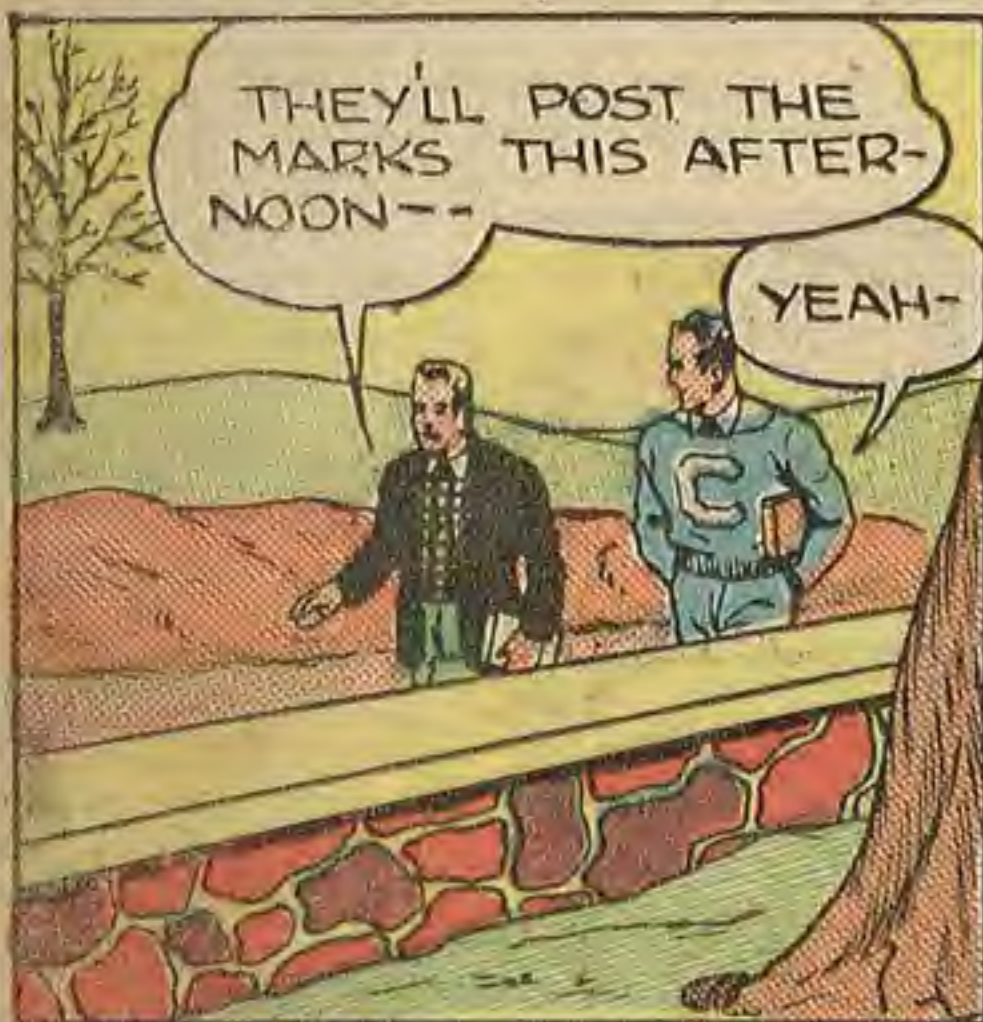
in the
AFFAIR OF THE
FABRICATING BRIDEGROOM





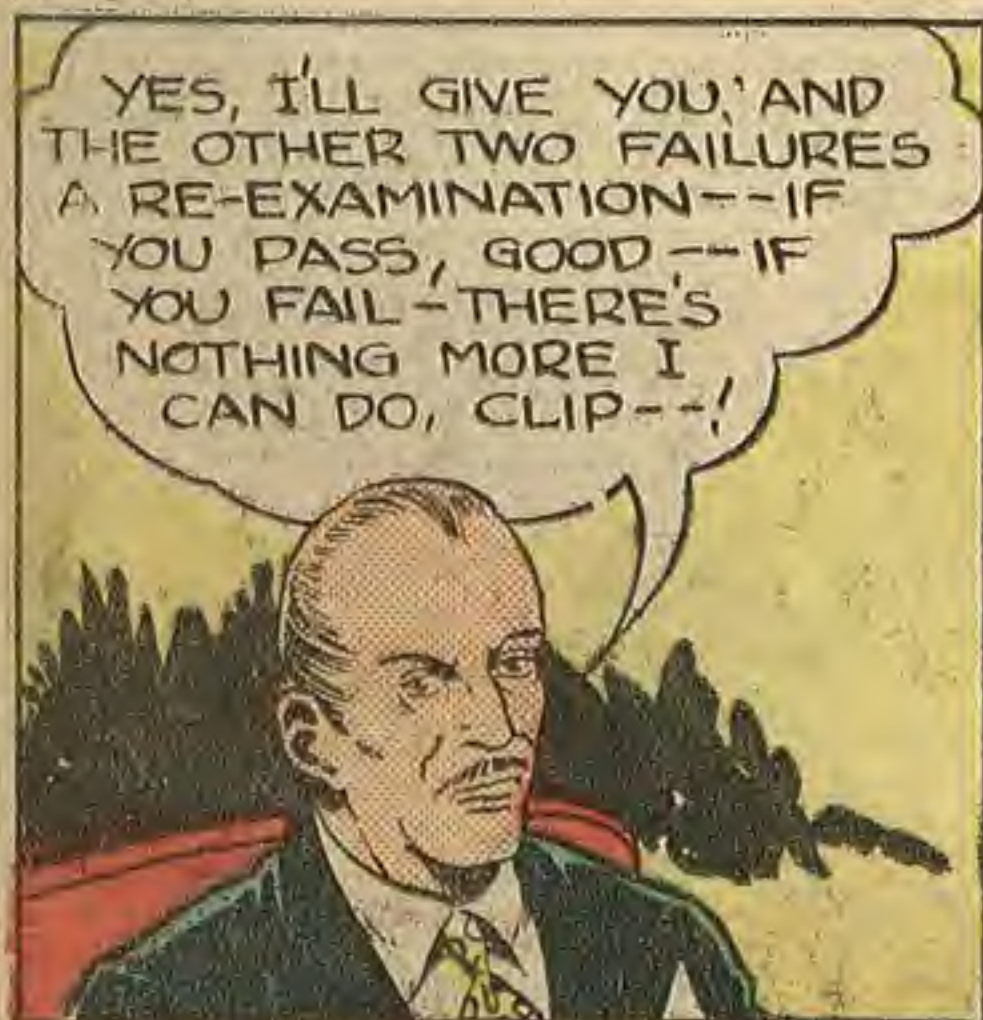
CLIP CHANCE at CLIFFSIDE

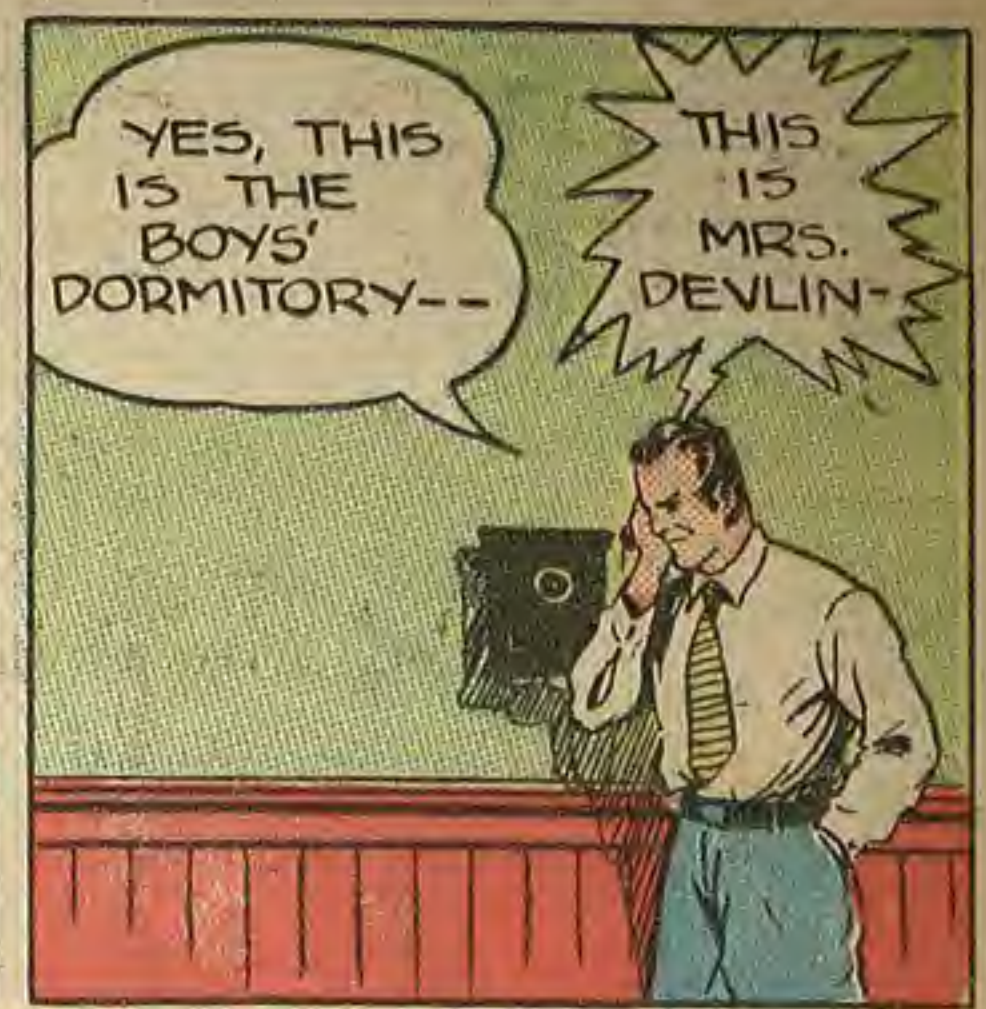
by SCOTT SHERIDAN.



AND THAT AFTERNOON... THE MARKS ARE POSTED--

PASSED : —	
W. MARESCA	98
E. CARR	95.6
G. BRENNAN	95
D. BEVERAGE	90
G. ADAMS, JR.	89
P. GARVEY	88.5
FAILED.	
CLIP CHANCE	} REPORT TO MY OFFICE.
S. TRICAMO	
C. FRITZ	
PROF. DEVLIN.	





THE NEXT MORNING, AFTER
THE RE-EXAMINATION---

HOW DO YOU
THINK YOU
MADE OUT
THIS TIME,
CLIP?

I COULDN'T
ANSWER THE
LAST TWO
QUESTIONS
AT ALL--!

THAT'S TOO BAD -- HMM --
FUNNY--I ALWAYS KEEP
LOOKING FOR THE TIME --
YOU KNOW, THOSE HOODLUMS
STOLE MY WATCH -- IT WAS
A PRESENT FROM MY
WIFE AND I
VALUED IT--

IF YOU'LL
COME BACK
IN AN HOUR,
I'LL HAVE
THESE PAPERS
MARKED---

OKAY,
PROFESSOR--

LOOKS LIKE I
DON'T PLAY AGAINST
DARBY, TODAY--SAY--
THIS BUTTON--!!

--I THINK I'LL GO INTO
TOWN--MAYBE I CAN FIND
THE COAT IT WAS TORN
FROM--!

AND CLIP SEARCHES
WITHOUT RESULTS--

AND THEN--

HMM--A FELLOW IN THAT
CROWD HAS A BUTTON MISSING--
--AH--THERE'S A POLICEMAN--!

--AND THAT'S
THE STORY,
OFFICER--!

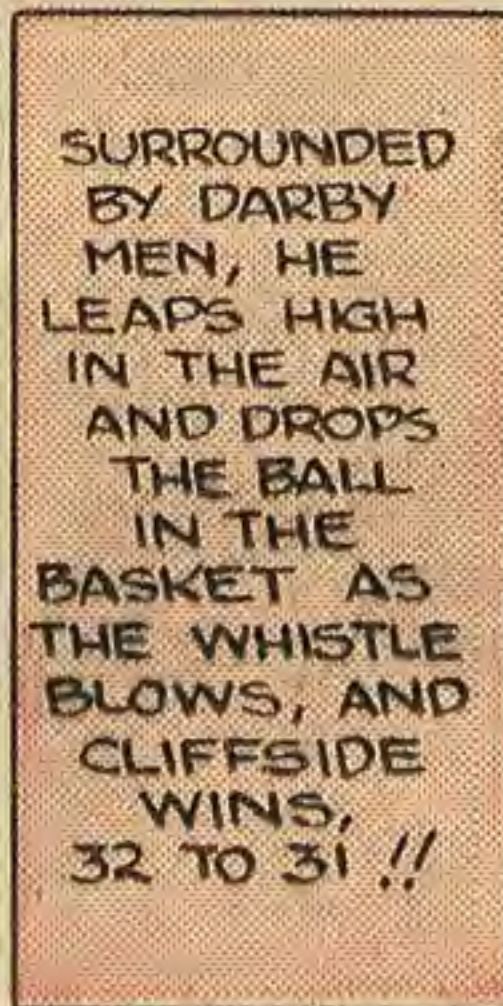
COME
ON,
WE'LL FIND
OUT--!

THAT'S IT ALL RIGHT --
I'M TAKIN' YOU IN, FELLA--
GET GOIN'--!

I'M SORRY,
CHANCE--THE
MONEY IS
GONE, BUT
HERE'S THE
WATCH--!

THANKS,
CAPTAIN--

I'LL BET THE PROF
WILL BE GLAD TO GET
THIS BACK--!



CHIC CARTER

ACE REPORTER



TONIGHT THERE IS GRAVE TENSION IN MORAVIA. EVERYWHERE THERE ARE SOLDIERS MOVING TO THE FRONTIERS. THE KINGDOM IS IN A STATE OF EMERGENCY. -TOMORROW I AM TO ACCOMPANY KING LUDWIG AND THE PRINCESS MARIA TO INSPECT THE BORDER GARRISON AT KRASNOW.

Chic Carter



DAWN - AND THE STAFF CAR OF KING LUDWIG ROLLS TO THE WESTERN FRONTIER.



LISTEN!

FIRING!!
STOP THE CAR!



YOUR MAJESTY, THE ENEMY HAS ATTACKED AND WIPED OUT OUR BORDER PATROLS - THEY ARE MASSING FOR AN OFFENSIVE!

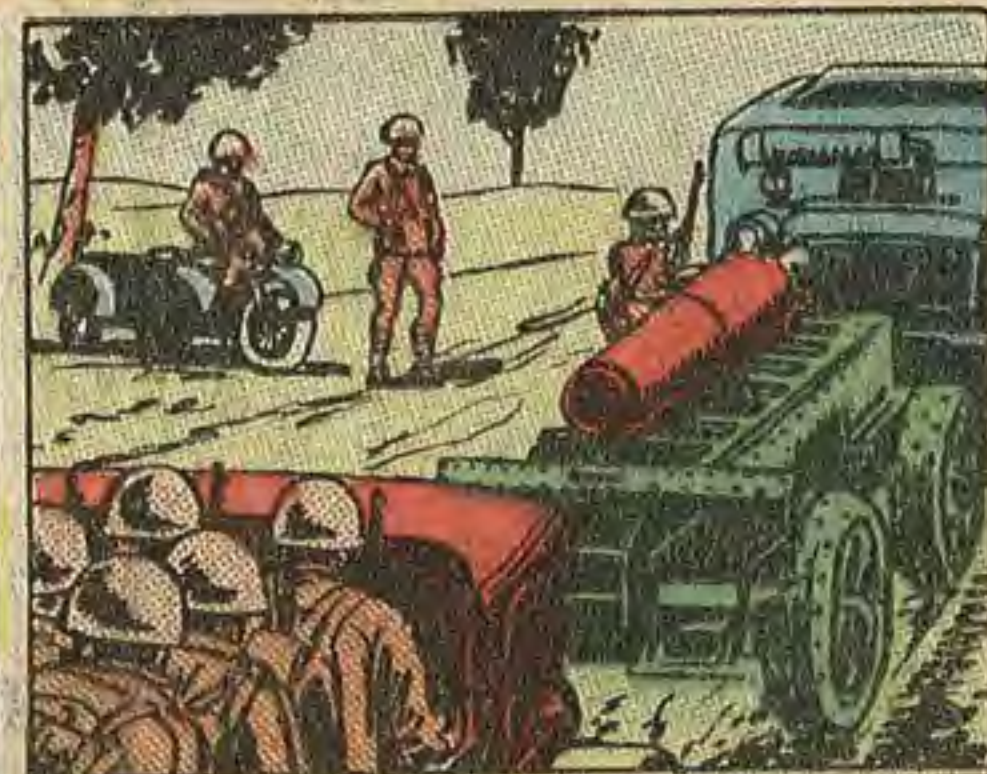


RIDE AT ONCE TO THE CAPITAL...ORDER COMPLETE MOBILIZATION FOR THE DEFENSE OF OUR COUNTRY...WE WILL FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN!!



MY DEAR, I WISH YOU HADN'T COME ALONG ON THIS TRIP!

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT WILL FIND A LOT OF EXCITEMENT.



THERE IS AN OMINOUS SILENCE - EVERYWHERE THE ROADS ARE CHOKED WITH MEN AND GUNS.



SUDDENLY ARTILLERY FIRE OPENS GAPING CRATERS IN THE EARTH.

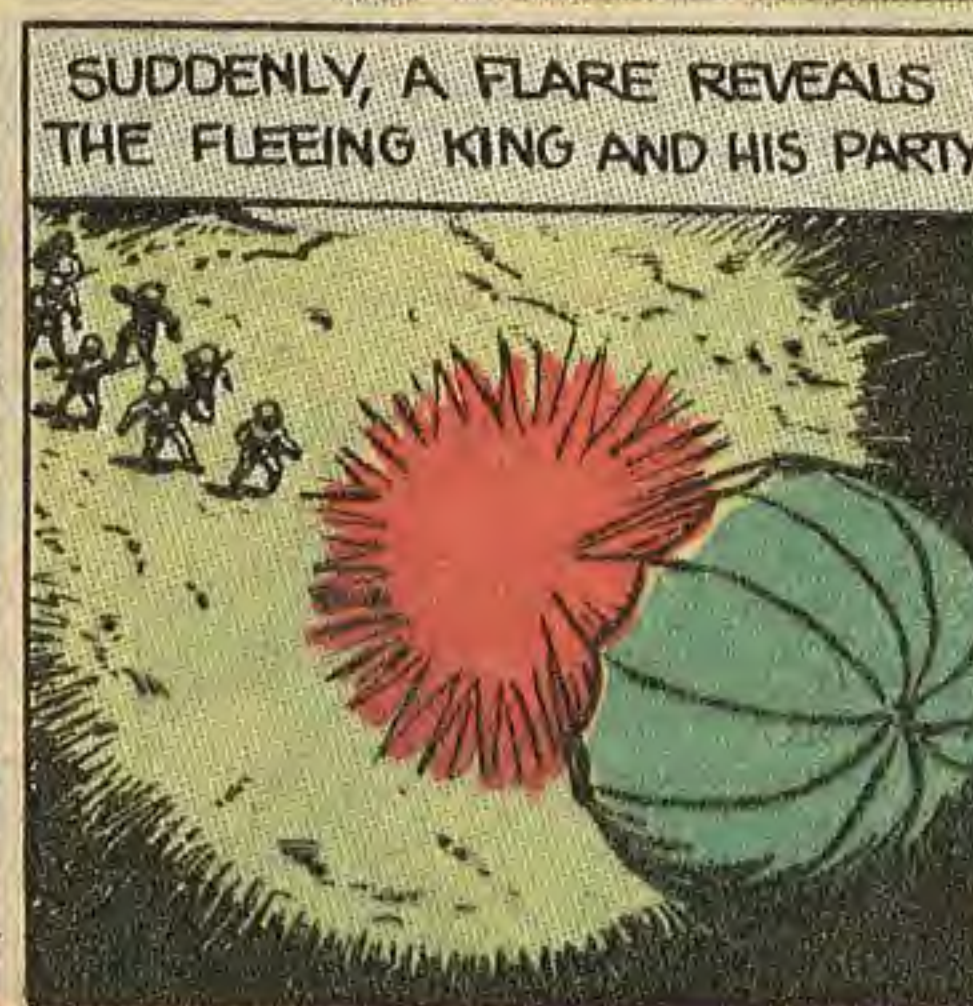
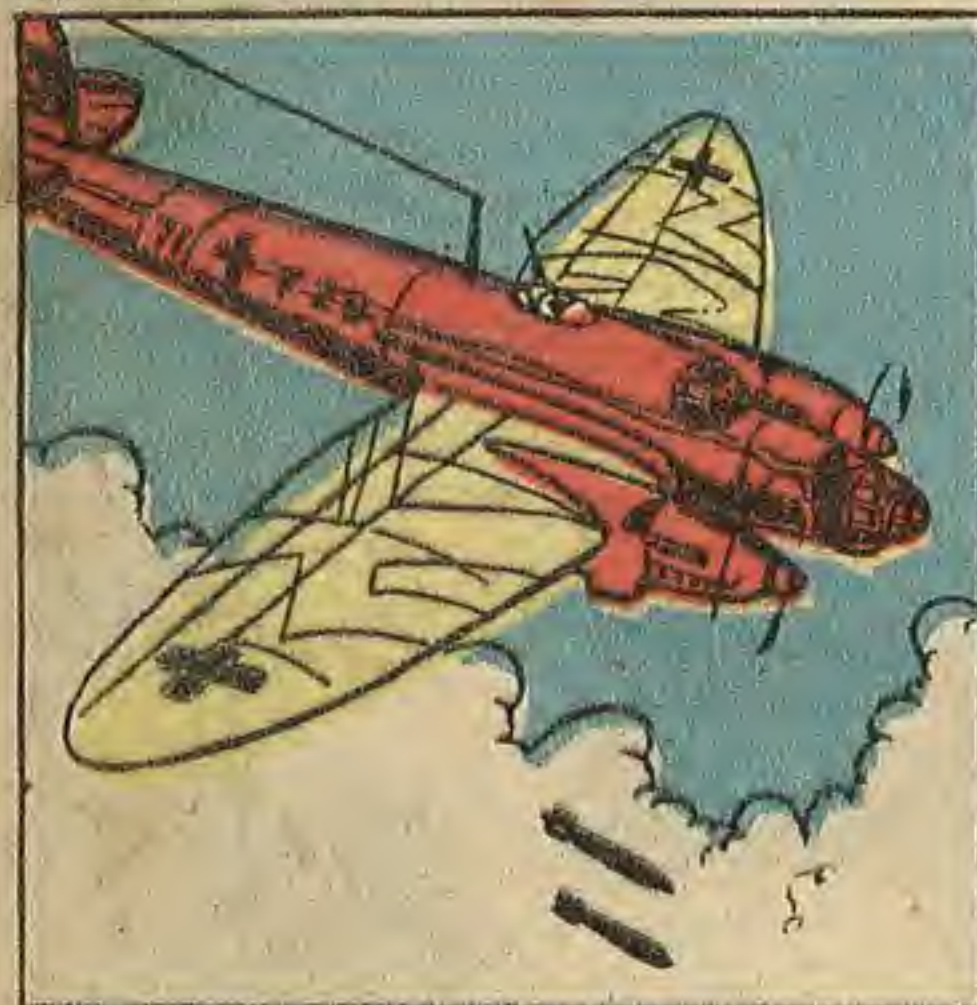


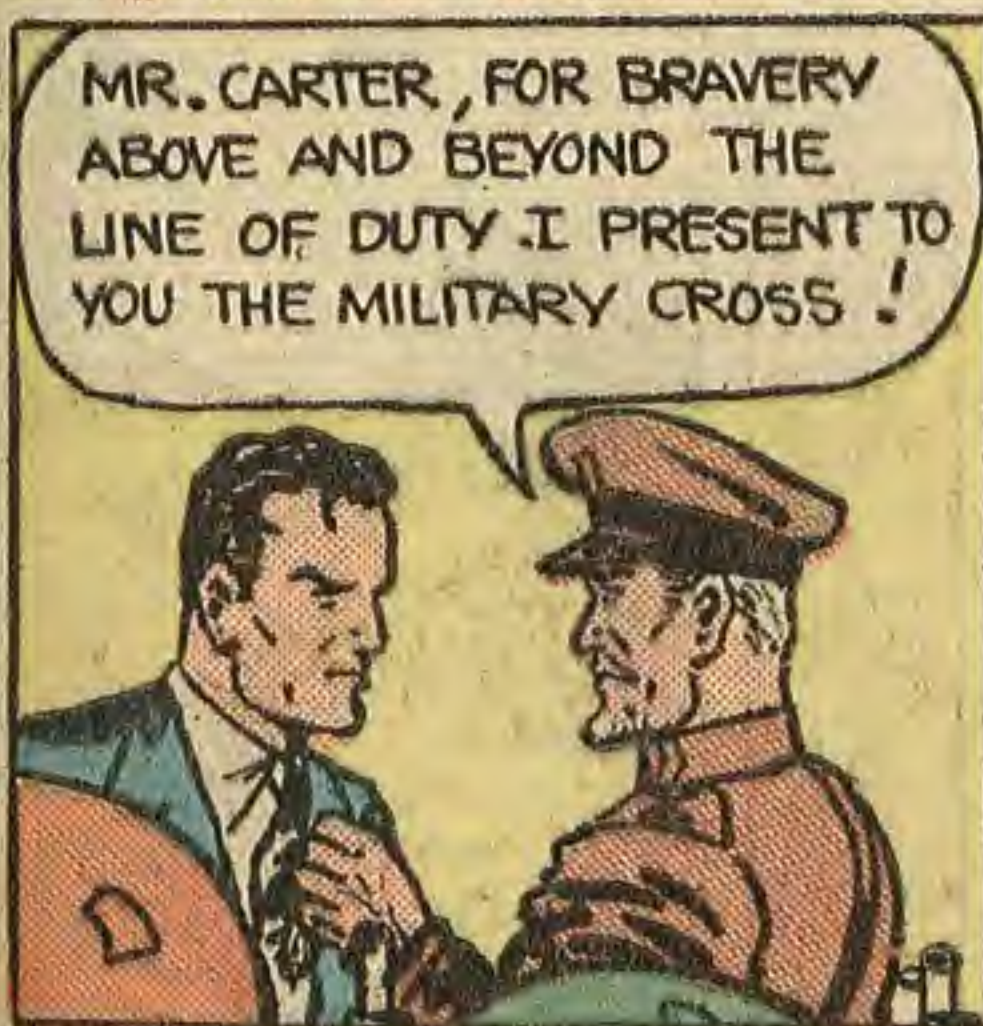
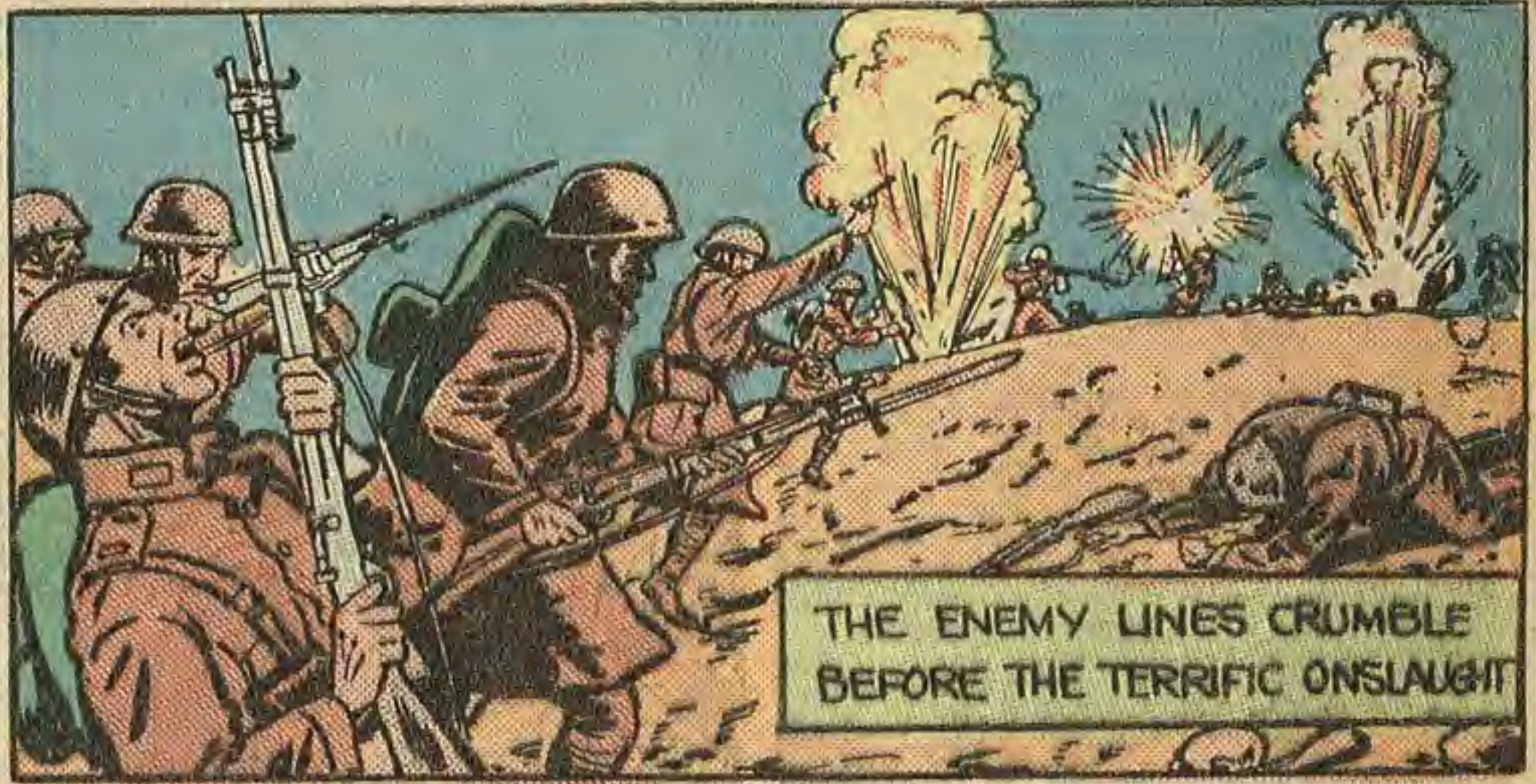
THE ROAD IS DEMOLISHED, SIRE! WE CAN GO NO FURTHER!!



WE'RE CUT OFF BY SHELLFIRE! WE'LL HAVE TO PROCEED TO THE FORTRESS ON FOOT!







FLASH FULTON

"The Ace of Cameramen"
by Paul Gustavson



YEAH--RIGHT AWAY! GET YOUR CAMERA READY, FLASH!

WHAT'S UP, GABBY?



AN OIL GUSHER AT CLARKSVILLE, TEXAS HAS GONE UP IN FLAMES--- SO GET GOIN'!!

YOU'RE TELLIN' ME!



TWELVE HOURS LATER, FLASH FULTON AND HIS SOUND-MAN, ANDY, ARE AT THE BLAZING OIL WELL.

WOW!! IT SURE IS A BIG ONE!!



HEY!! GET OUTTA HERE-- W-WHY-- IF IT AIN'T FLASH FULTON!!

H'YA, PATTON!! LEND ME ONE OF YOUR ASBESTOS SUITS SO I CAN GET SOME SHOTS OF HOW YOU WORK!!



IF IT WERE ANYONE ELSE BUT YOU, FLASH, I'D SAY NO!

THANKS, PAL!



CLAD IN ASBESTOS, FLASH MOVES NEARER AND NEARER TO THE TOWERING FLAMES, PHOTOGRAPHING THE WORK OF THE DARING FIREMEN.

LOOK, NICK!! A CAMERA-MAN!!

WHAT?? MAYBE HE'LL GET SOME PICTURES OF THIS FIRE THAT WON'T DO US ANY GOOD!!



TWO MEN IN THE CROWD WATCH FLASH CLOSELY....

WE GOTTA STOP HIM-- B-BUT HOW?

C'MON--I GOT AN IDEA!



THE TWO MEN QUICKLY MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE DREDGE, WHOSE BOOM IS DIRECTLY ABOVE FLASH



GET ON THE OTHER SIDE, TONY, AN' START TALKIN' TO TH' ENGINEER!

OKAY!

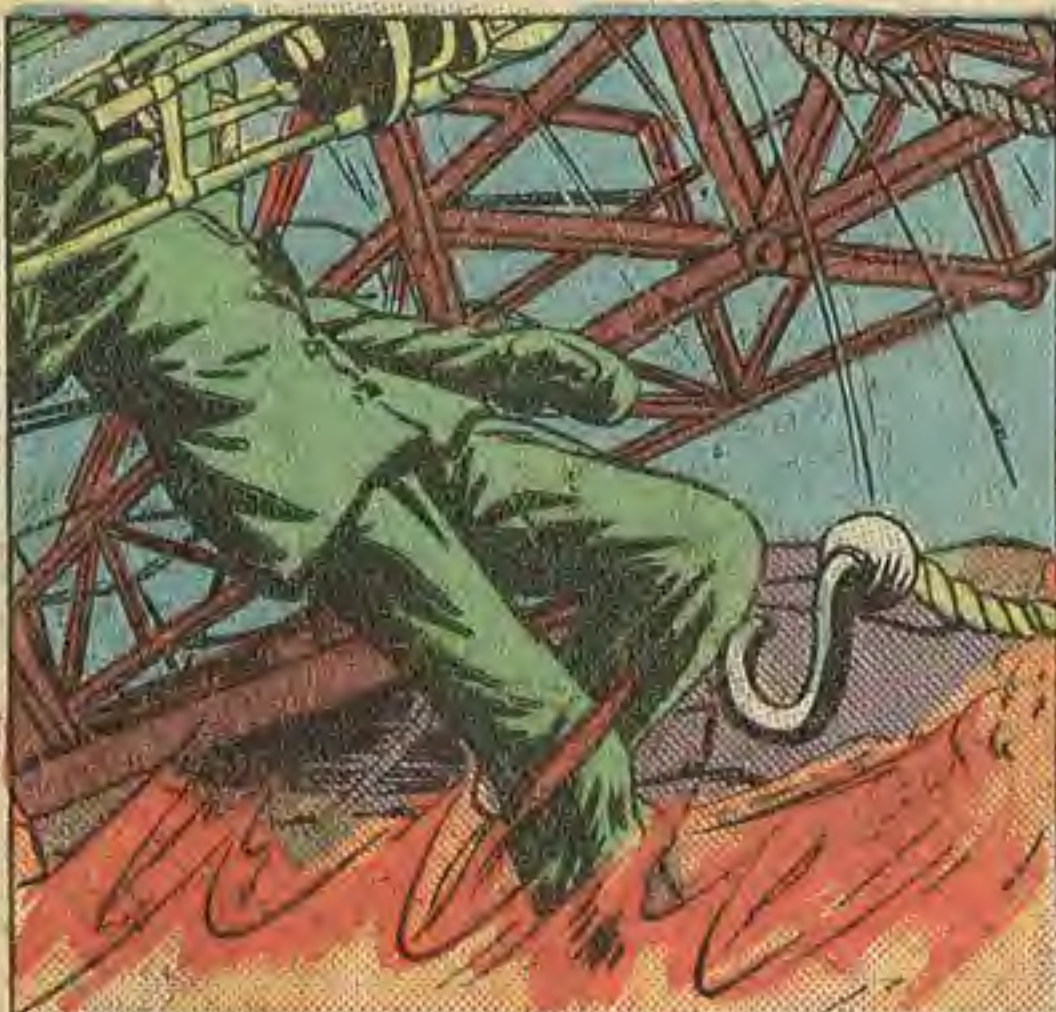
AS FLASH SHOOTS THE FIRE, THE TWO SPECTATORS HATCH THEIR PLOT.

WHILE TONY ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF THE ENGINEER, NICK THROWS HIMSELF AGAINST THE BRAKE HOLDING UP THE HEAVY BOOM ABOVE FLASH!

FLASH!
THE BOOM'S FALLING!!

ANDY SEES WHAT'S HAPPENING AND SHOUTS TO FLASH....

INSTANTLY, FLASH JUMPS ASIDE-- AND THE DREDGE BOOM ONLY MISSES HIM BY INCHES!



HECK!! WHY DID I HAVE TO MISS A GREAT "ACTION" SHOT LIKE THAT!!

M-MY FOOT SLIPPED!!

YOU CLUMSY FOOL-- YOU HAD NO RIGHT BEING OUT HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE!

AS THE FIREMAN PATTON DASHES TOWARD NICK....

NOW GET OUTTA HERE!

ARE YOU OKAY, FLASH??

SURE!

NOW-TAKE THAT SUIT OFF AN' STAY CLEAR OF HERE, FLASH!

OKAY, PATTON-- I'LL GO TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FIRE!

BUT THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT, FLASH-- I SAW THE FELLA DO IT!!

AW--FORGET IT, ANDY!!

NOT FAR BEHIND, FLASH AND ANDY ARE FOLLOWED BY NICK AND TONY.

TONY, WE JUST GOTTA MAKE SURE THAT GUY DON'T GET OUTTA HERE WITH THEM PICTURES!

YOU SAID IT!!

QUICK, FLASH--LOOK!! THE TWO GUYS WHO WERE AT THE DREDGE WHEN THAT BOOM DROPPED!!

WHAT?

SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE MEN TRIPS.

LOOK—THE DRILL HEAD! IT MUSTA FLEW UP FROM THE EXPLOSION WHEN WE STARTED TH' FIRE IN TH' WELL!!

NOBODY MUST SEE IT --!

NICK AND TONY MAKE A DISCOVERY...

THEY'VE PICKED UP SOMETHING!!

I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT IT IS TOO!!

MAKE BELIEVE WE DON'T SEE THEM—SO WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!!

UNAWARE THAT THEY ARE BEING WATCHED THROUGH THE REFLECTION IN THE RANGE-FINDER OF FLASH'S CAMERA, NICK AND TONY QUIETLY SNEAK UP BEHIND FLASH AND ANDY!

STEADY, ANDY!! LOOKS LIKE THEY INTEND TO KNOCK US OUT WITH THOSE CLUBS!!

I'M READY--

I'VE SET THE CAMERA FOR AUTO-MATIC TURNING, SO I'LL GET SOME SHOTS OF THESE TWO! OKAY, ANDY, HERE THEY COME!!

INSTANTLY, THE CAMERA WHIRLS AROUND AND THE TWO MEN ARE MET BY THE CRASHING FISTS OF FLASH AND ANDY!!

IN THE STRUGGLE, ANDY IS KNOCKED OUT FROM A HARD BLOW

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS GUY, TONY! SMASH THAT CAMERA!!

OH, YEAH?!!

FLASH SWINGS A TERRIFIC RIGHT, SENDING NICK SPRAWLING...

...AND HE NEXT DIVES AT TONY!!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS, BUD—BUT I'LL FIND OUT VERY SOON!!

UGH!!

TONY
SOON
GOES
DOWN
BEFORE
THE
HARD
BLOWS
OF
FLASH



WAKE UP, ANDY!!
THE WAR'S
OVER!!

O-O-O-OH, MY
HEAD!! WHAT
HIT ME??



THIS RAT OVER
HERE!! GRAB ONE
OF 'EM— WE'RE
GONNA BRING
'EM BACK TO
PATTON!

YOU TAKE THEM
I'LL CARRY
THE CAMERA
AN' SOUND-BOX!



SAY— WHAT'S THAT
SHINY THING LYING
OVER THERE??

?



W-WHY— IT'S A BLASTED
DRILL HEAD! SO THAT
AND A
WAS WHAT THEY
STOPPED TO
START A FIRE!!
PICK UP
GET IT, ANDY??
BEFORE!
WOW!!



HEY, PATTON! FIRST GIVE ME
SOME WATER TO WAKE THIS
BIRD UP -- AND THEN I'LL TELL
YOU WHY THIS FIRE STARTED!!



UB-GLUB-
GLUB-- !!



BUT I TELL
YA I DON'T
KNOW
NOTHIN'!!

C'MON! YOU AND
ME ARE GOING IN
THIS SHANTY
TO **TALK** !!

AS FLASH BEGINS TO QUESTION THE
NOW CONSCIOUS NICK ---

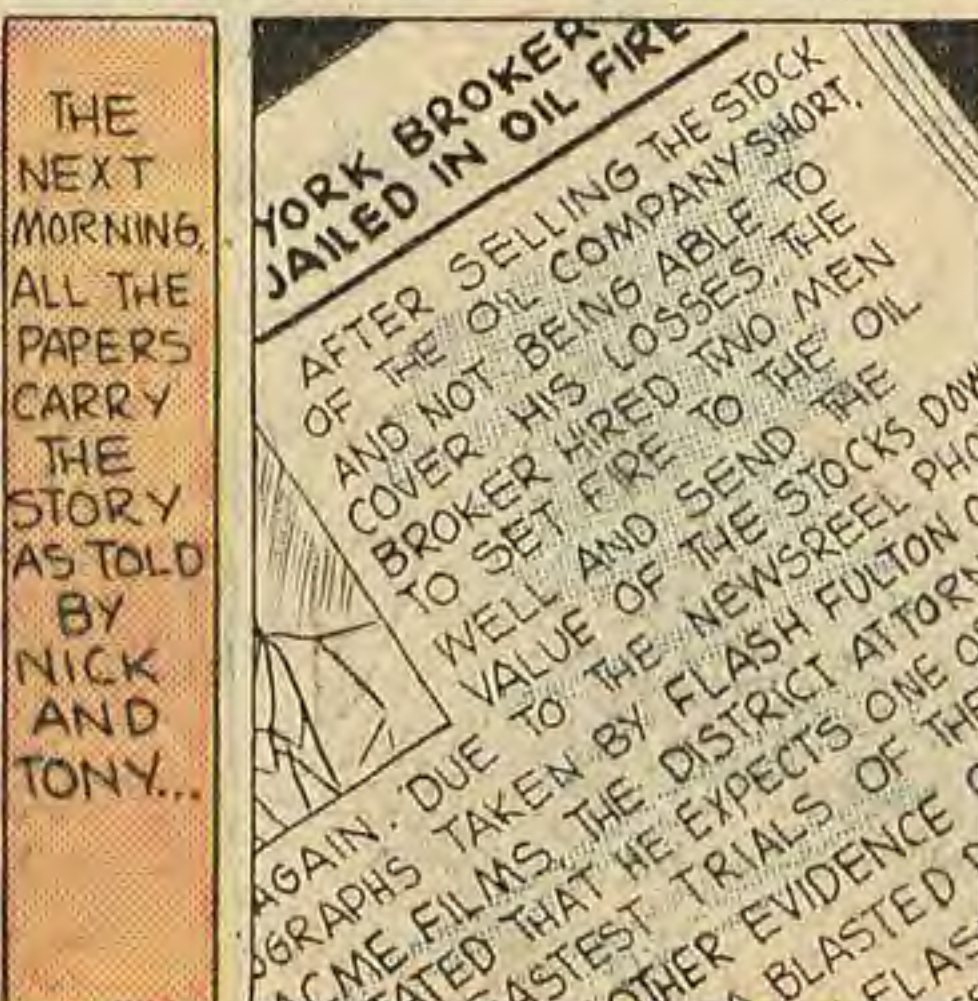


A FEW MOMENTS LATER, A
BEDLAM BREAKS LOOSE IN THE SHANTY!!



BOYS, NICK HAS DECIDED TO
TALK AND GO TO JAIL INSTEAD
OF STAYING IN
THERE WITH ME!

TEN MINUTES PASS AND THE
SHANTY DOOR OPENS....



THE
NEXT
MORNING,
ALL THE
PAPERS
CARRY
THE
STORY
AS TOLD
BY
NICK
AND
TONY...



**YORK BROKER
JAILED IN OIL FIRE**
AFTER SELLING THE STOCK
OF THE OIL COMPANY SHORT,
AND NOT BEING ABLE TO
COVER HIS LOSSES, THE
BROKER HIRED TWO MEN
TO SET FIRE TO THE OIL
WELL AND SEND THE
VALUE OF THE STOCKS DOWN
AGAIN. DUE TO THE NEWSREEL PHOTO-
GRAPHS TAKEN BY FLASH FULTON
ACME FILMS, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY
STATED THAT HE EXPECTS ONE OF THE
EASIEST TRIALS OF
OTHER EVIDENCE
A BLASTED FLASH



IT WAS A GREAT
FIGHT, ANDY,
ONLY YOU
DIDN'T LAST
LONG ENOUGH
TO SEE IT!!

OKAY—OKAY!!
MAYBE WE
SHOULD FIGHT
IT OVER AGAIN!!

SMALL STUFF



Devlin



Buy SMASH COMICS each month at your regular newsstand.

HUGH HAZZARD

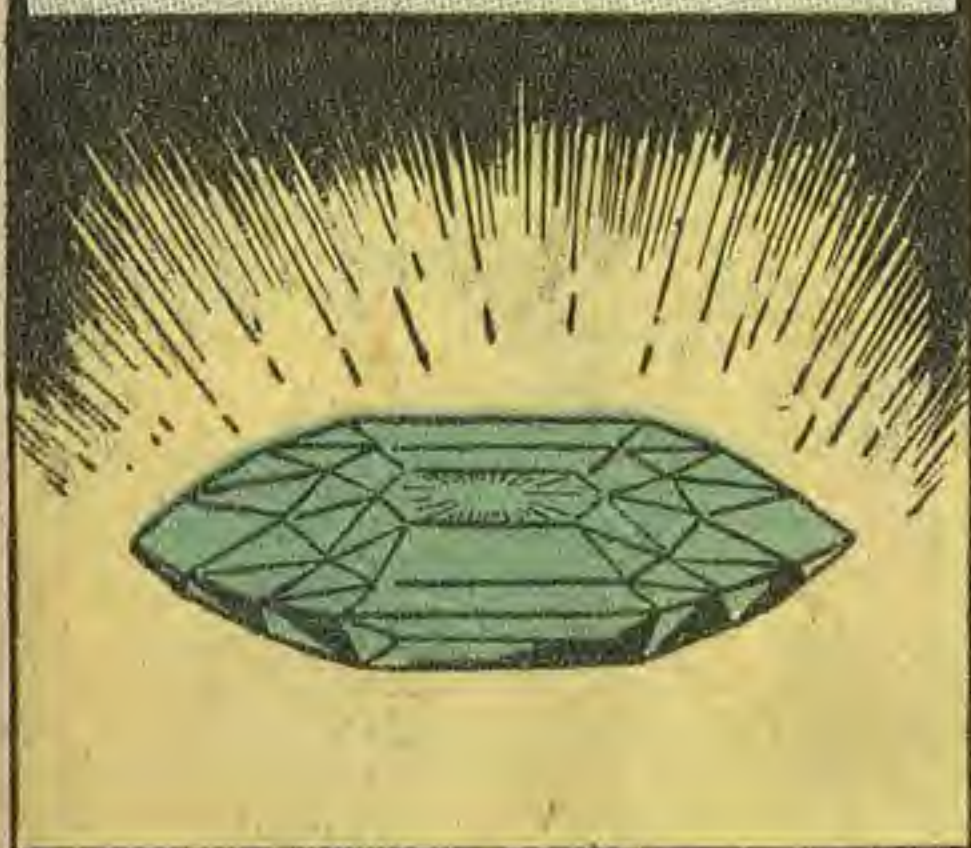
and his IRON MAN

by
WAYNE REID

MAJESTICALLY, THE S.S. ACQUA
PLOUGHS UP THE HARBOR TO
A NEW YORK PORT---



--AND CARRIES IN ITS HOLD,
THE FAMOUS EMERALD OF ERIN--



WELL, LIPPY- ALL WE
GOTTA DO IS TRAIL MOSS
AN' HIS EMERALD TO WHERE
HE'S STAYIN'-AN' OUR
JOB IS DONE--!



YEAH,
BALDY--



--AN' TH' BOSS
HAS A BUYER
FOR IT ALREADY--

THE
NEXT
MORNING,
THE
NEWS
HITS
THE
STREETS



MEANWHILE, IN A WATER-
FRONT HIDE-OUT---

I JUST GOT WORD FROM
LIPPY AN' BALDY, BOSS--
THEY'LL BE RIGHT UP--!



GOOD!

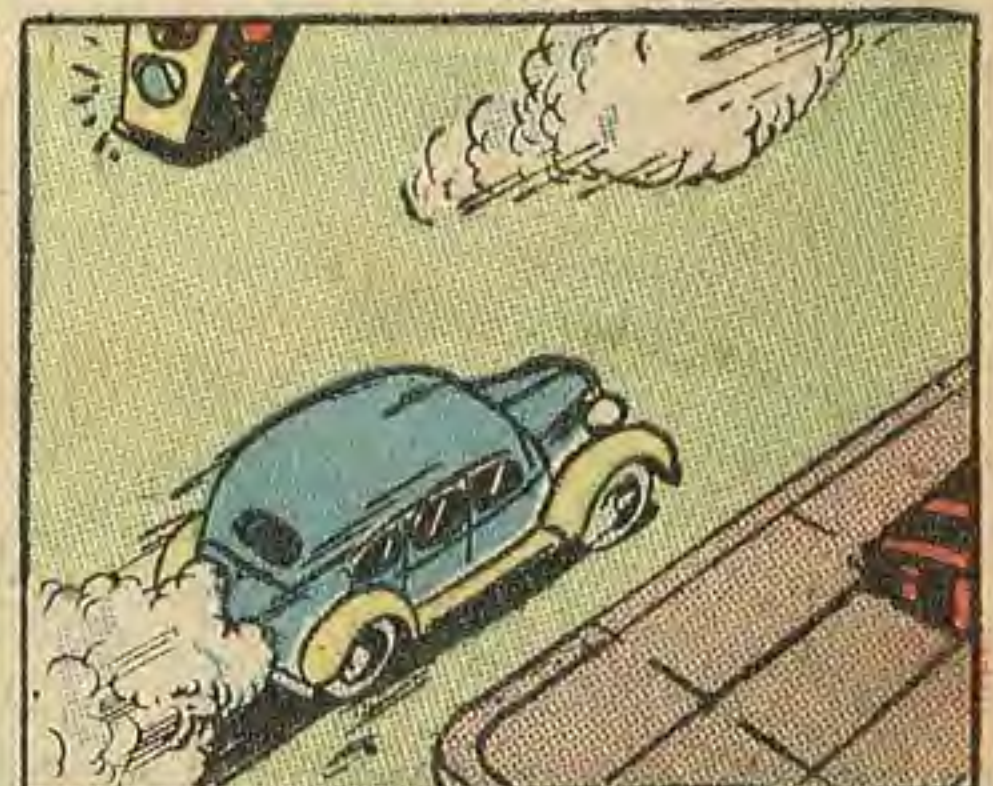
YA KNOW, MIKE - WITH
TH' DOUGH I GET ON THAT
STONE, I'LL ORGANIZE A
GANG THAT'LL
RUN THIS
COUNTRY--
HERE THEY
COME
NOW--



HELLO,
BOSS-- MOSS IS
LIVIN' AT
42 PINE
DRIVE--!

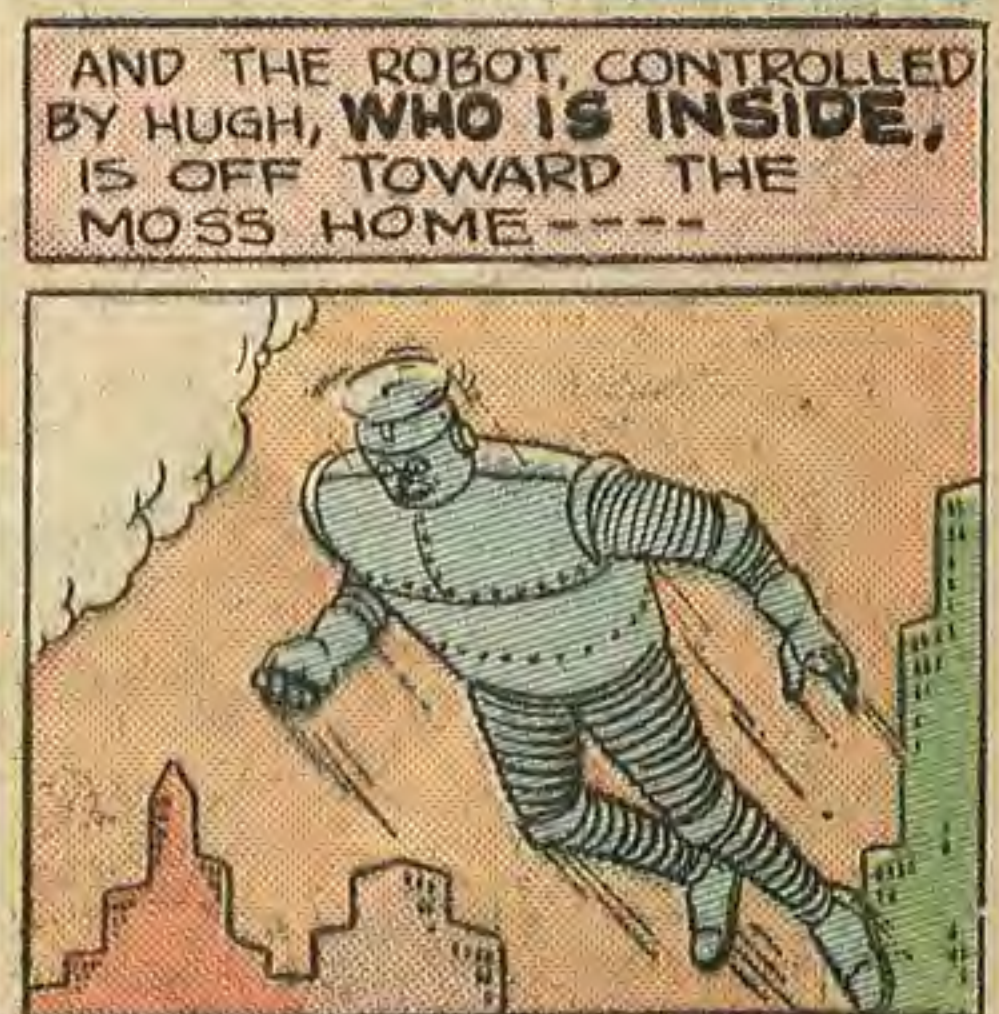
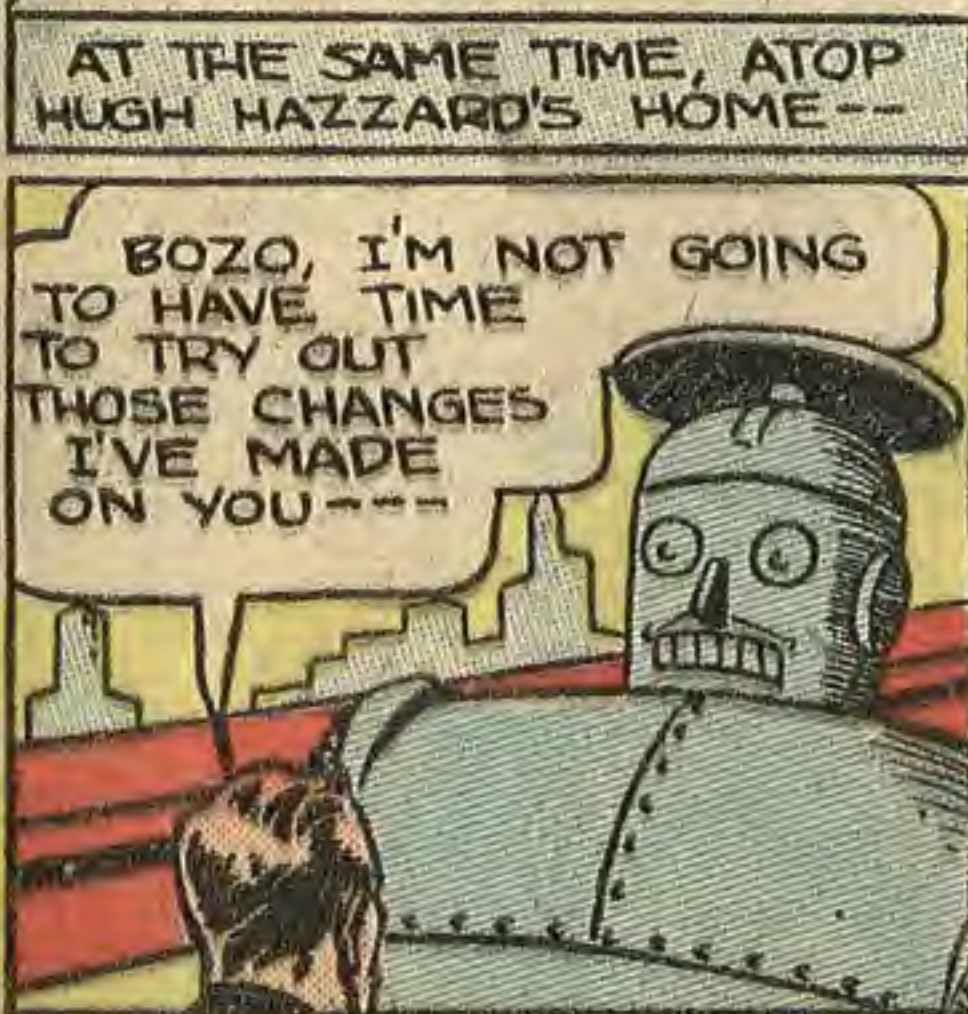


AN' TH'
COPS AIN'T
GUARDIN' TH'
PLACE YET, SO
IF WE HURRY
WE WON'T
HAVE NO
TROUBLE--



--AND BOSS SPIRO AND HIS
GANG SPEED TOWARD THE
MOSS HOME---

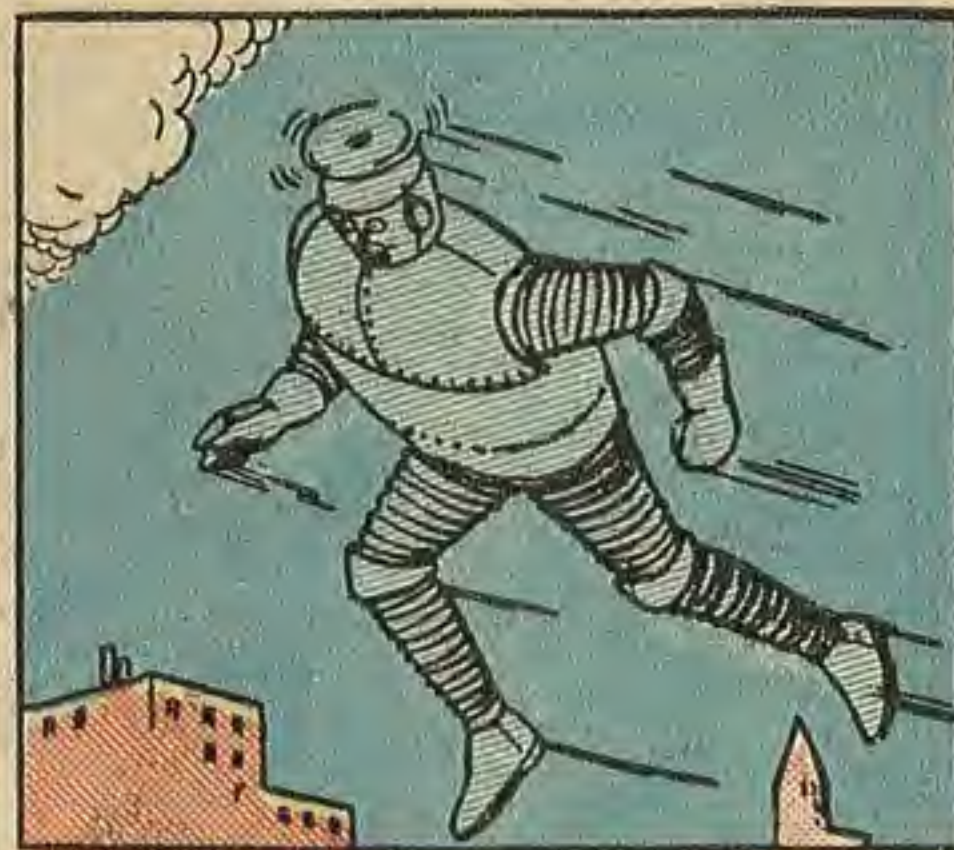




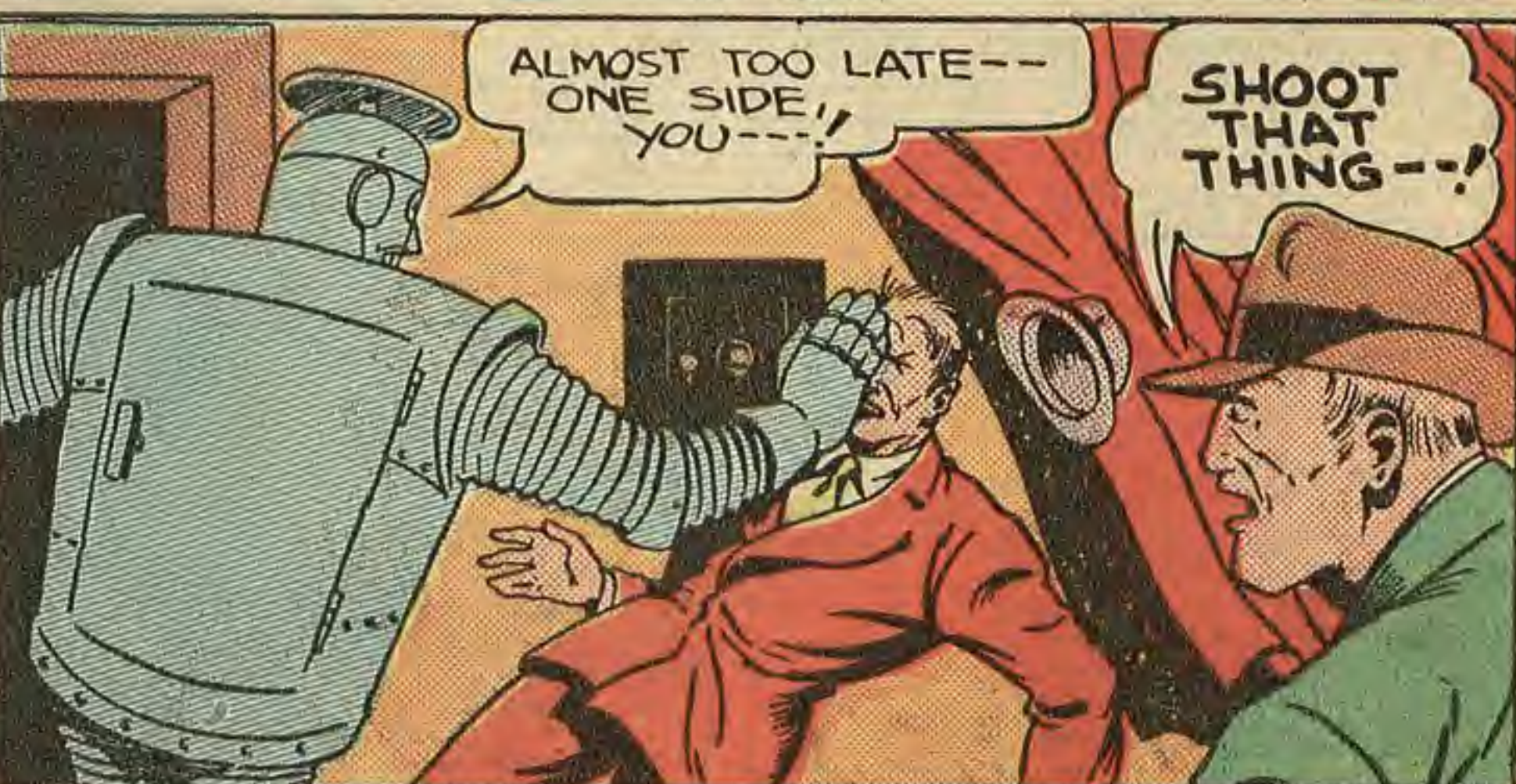
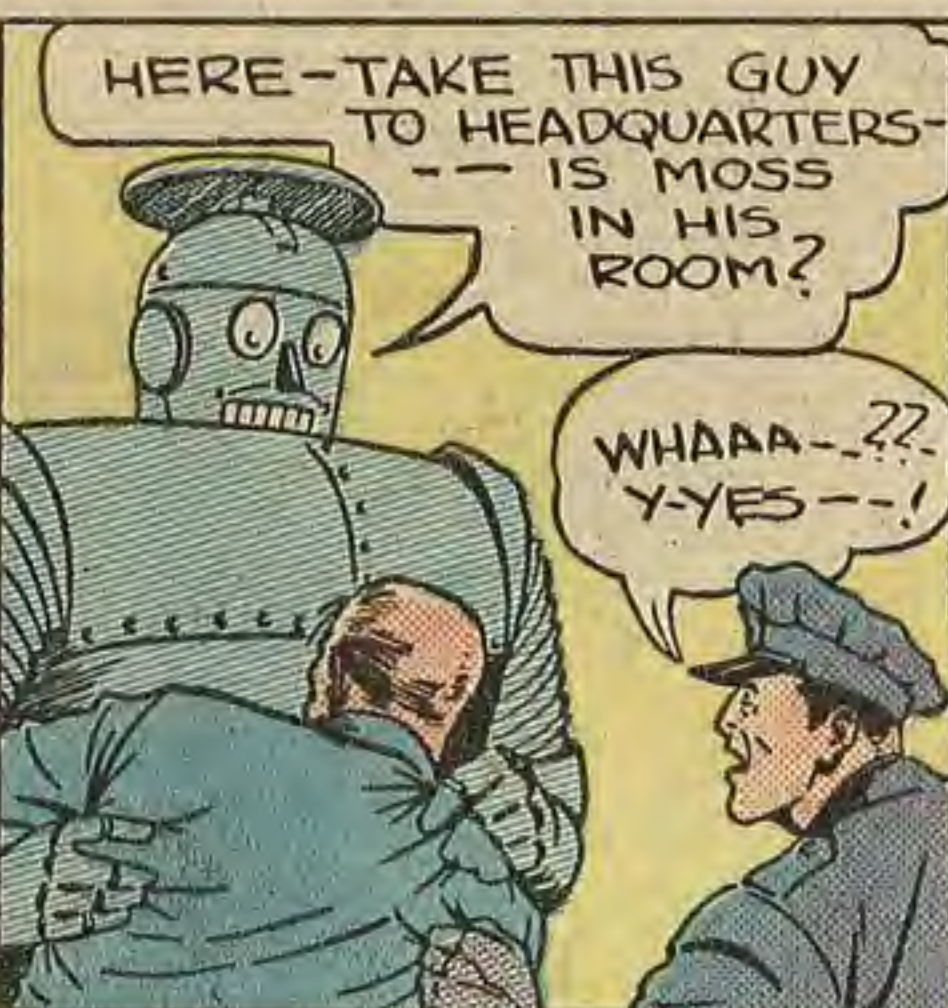
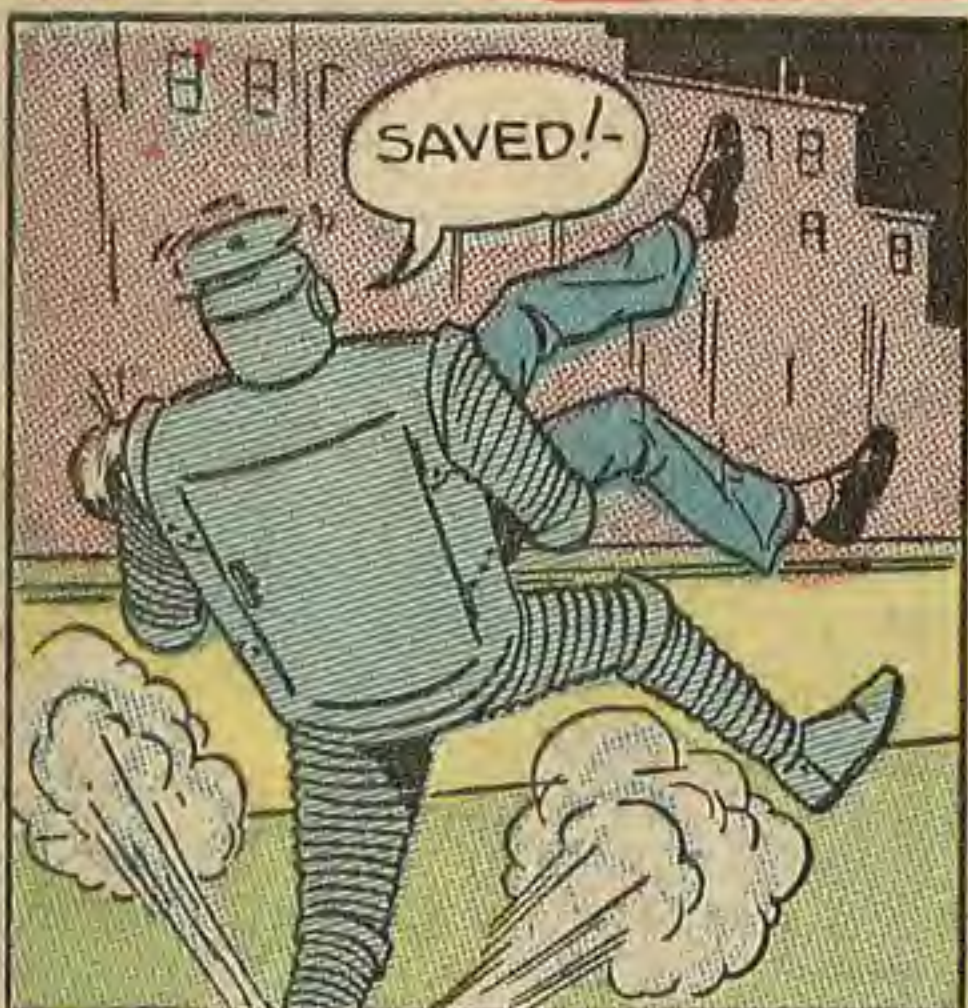
BY MEANS OF THE ROBOT'S NEW TELESCOPIC EYE, HUGH SEES A POLICEMAN FALL-- A VICTIM OF "DEAD EYE'S" SNIPING---!!



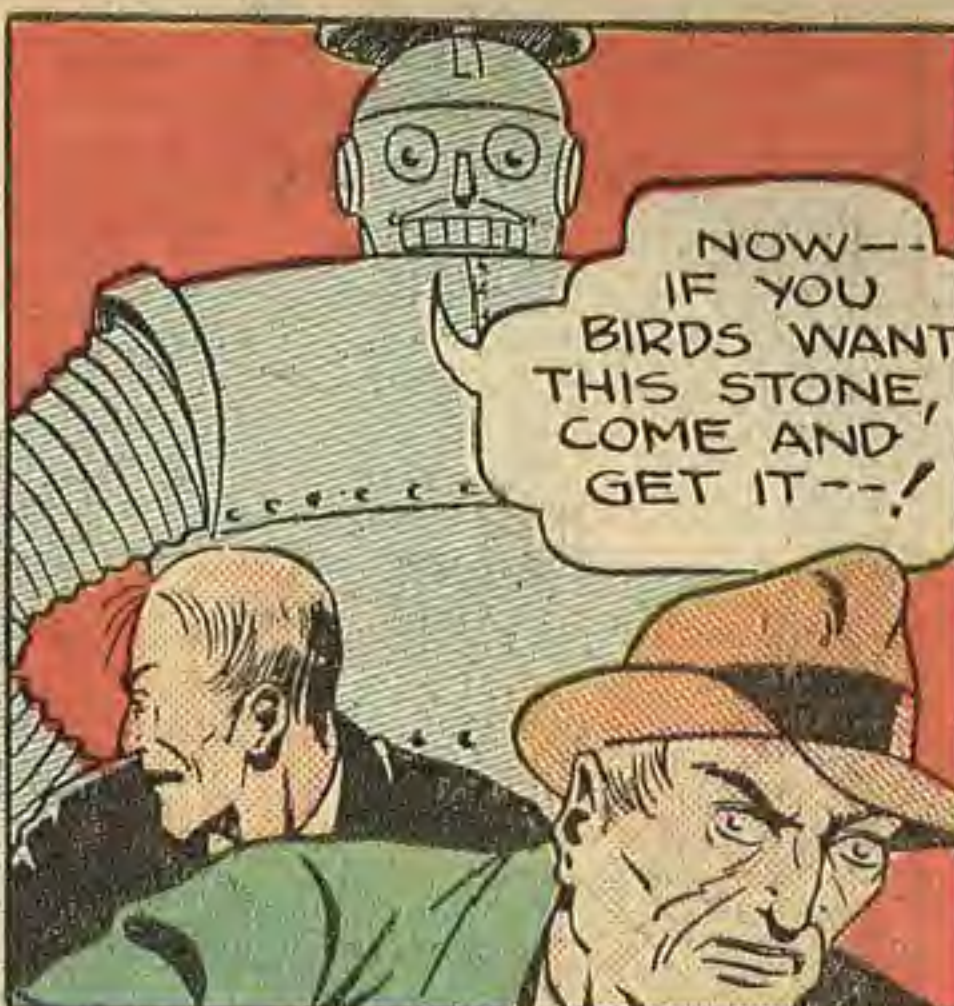
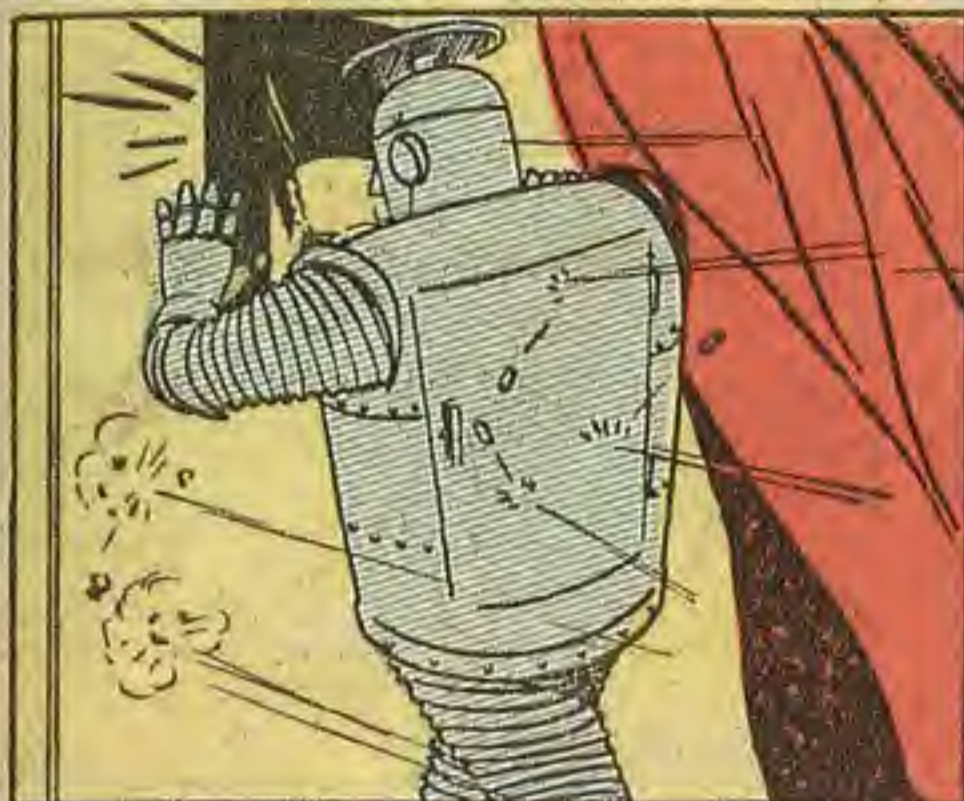
HE QUICKLY SPOTS THE DEATH DEALING WEAPON--



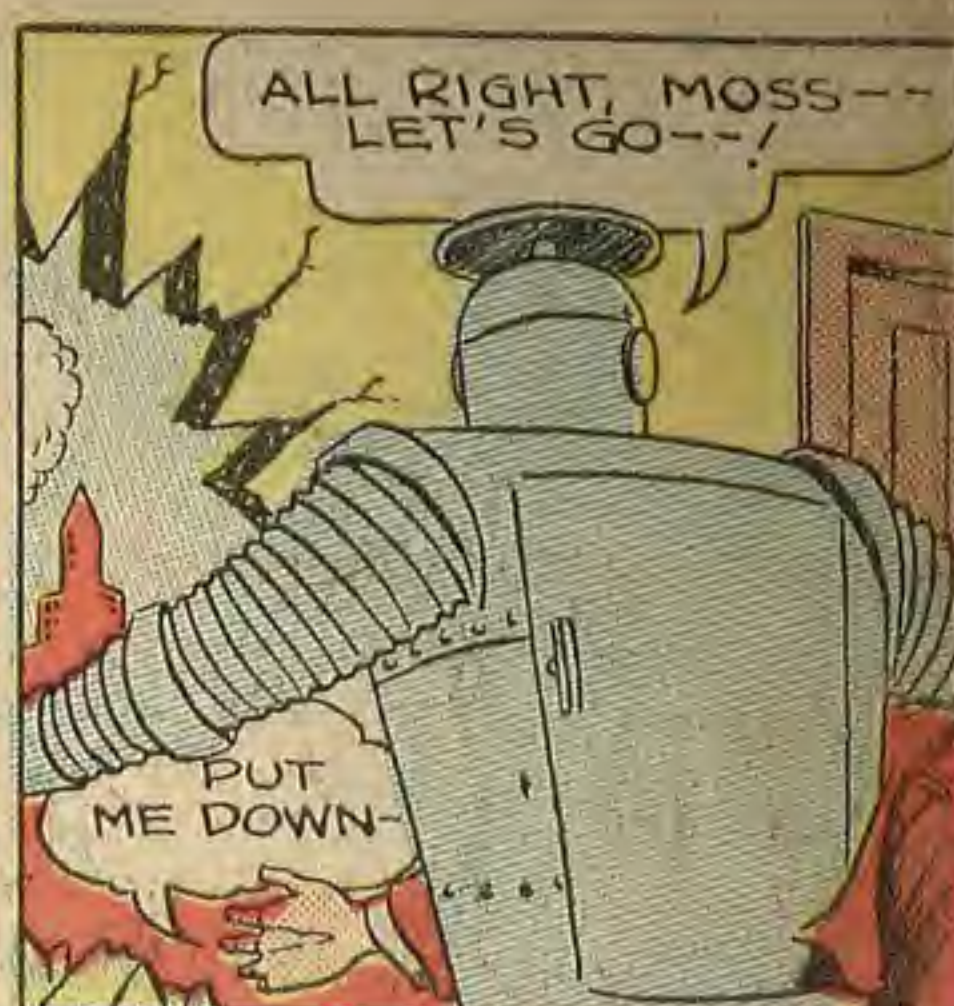
--AND HEADS DIRECTLY FOR IT--!!



AMID A HAIL OF SHOTS, THE ROBOT TEARS OPEN THE DOOR OF THE SAFE----



NOW-- IF YOU BIRDS WANT THIS STONE, COME AND GET IT--!



ALL RIGHT, MOSS-- LET'S GO--!

PUT ME DOWN--



DO YOU WANT TO KILL ME?

STOP SQUIRMING--!!



-IT'S NOT THE FALL THAT KILLS YOU-- IT'S THE SUDDEN STOP--!



MEANWHILE, IN THE EXCITEMENT, SPIRO AND HIS MOB MAKE THEIR ESCAPE--

LOOK, BOSS-- TH' COPS GOT 'DEAD-EYE'--!

AS WE PASS, CLOSE HIS MOUTH-- FOR GOOD--!!



GOT HIM--!



AND BACK IN HUGH'S APARTMENT--

IT'S INCREDIBLE, HAZZARD-- YOU'RE ABOVE THE SUPER-HUMAN--!

THANKS, MOSS-- BUT THERE'S NO TIME FOR BOQUETS NOW--!!



-I'VE GOT A JOB TO FINISH, SO YOU GO TO COMMISSIONER HUNT, HE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU AND I'LL HOLD THE STONE-- IT'LL BE SAFER HERE--



WHILE IN THE CROOKS' HIDE-OUT--

THAT THING'S KEPT SOME PLACE IN THIS CITY-- PROBABLY ON A ROOF----



--HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO-- TWO OF YOU WILL SEARCH THE CITY ON FOOT-- THE OTHER TWO WILL HIRE PLANES-- AN' DON'T COME BACK 'TIL YOU FIND IT-- GET GOIN'--!

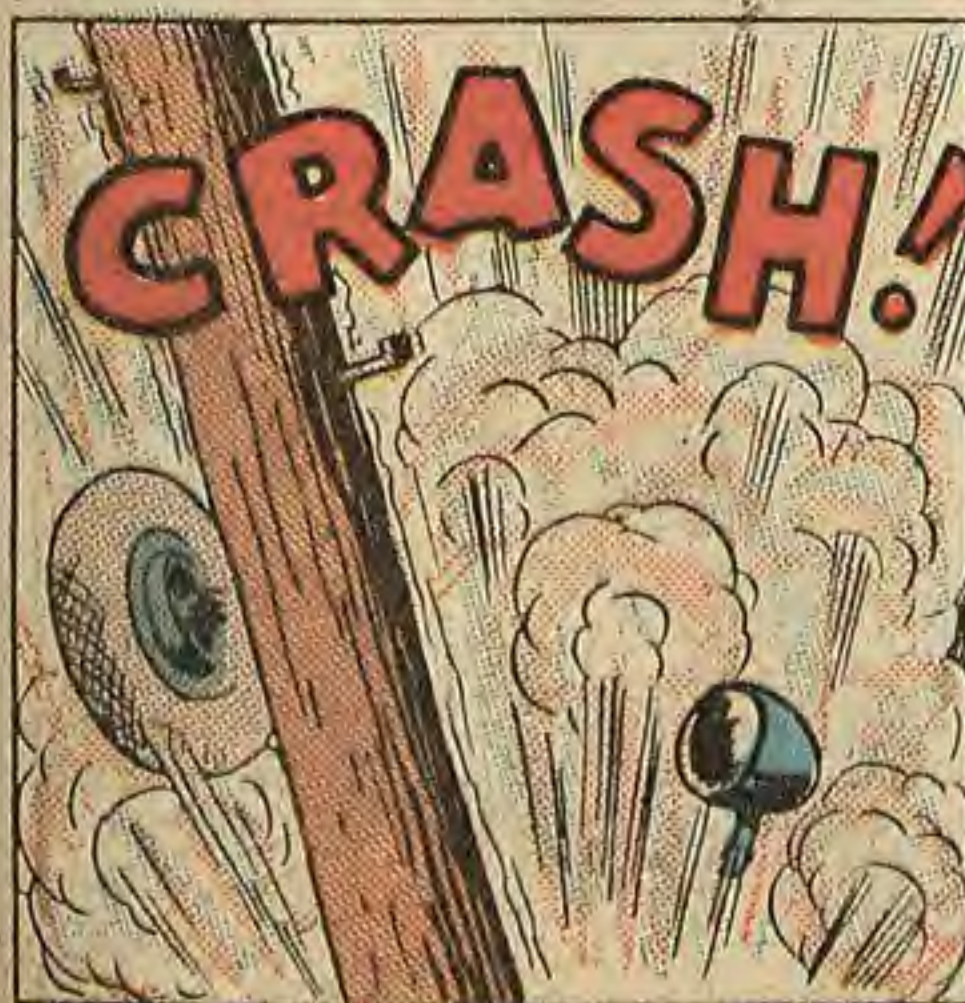
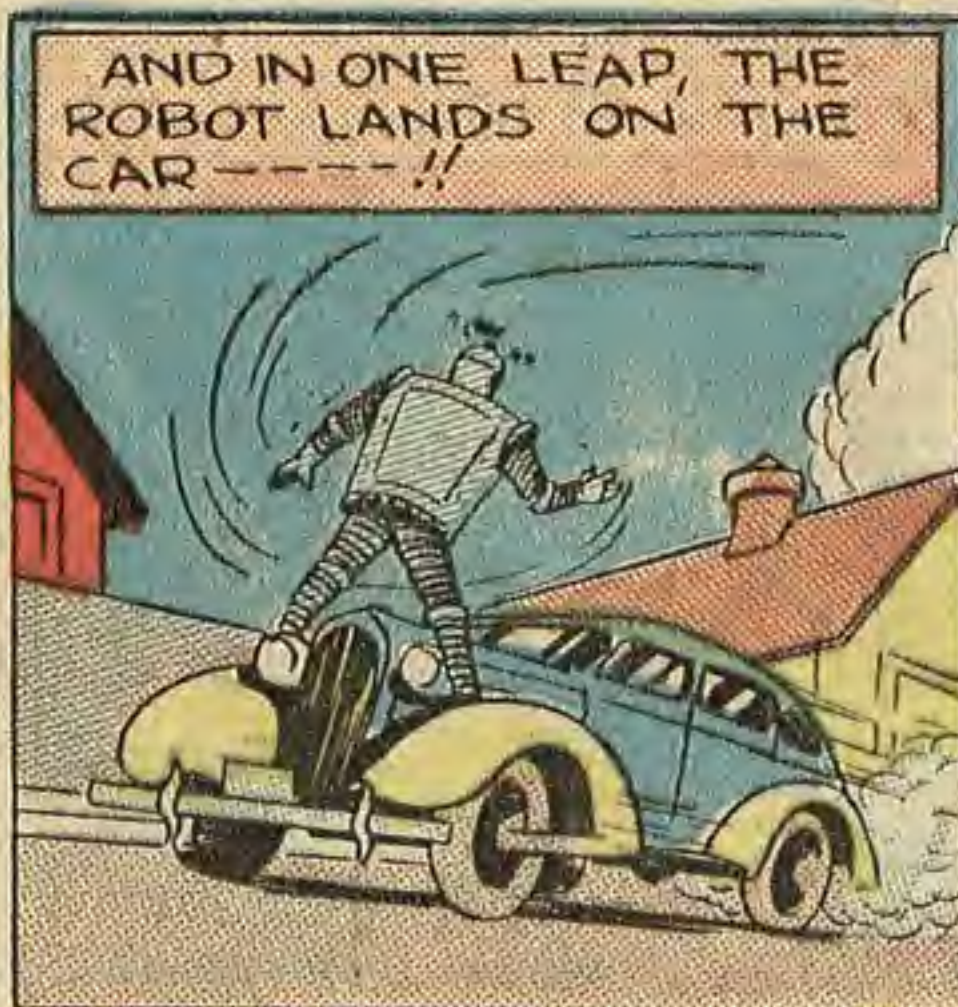
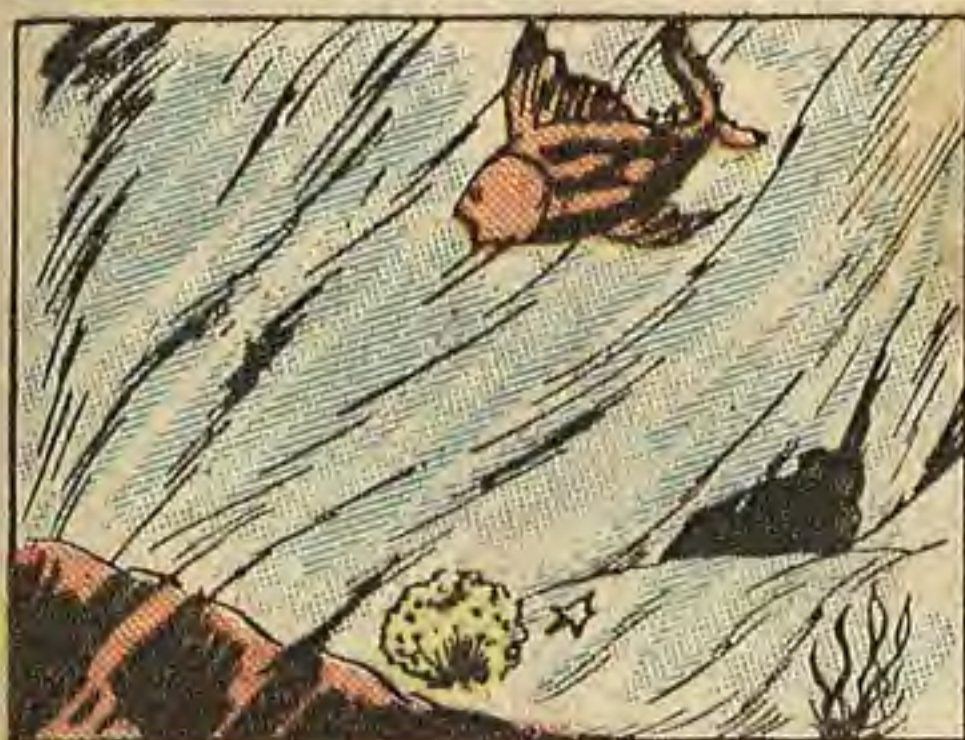
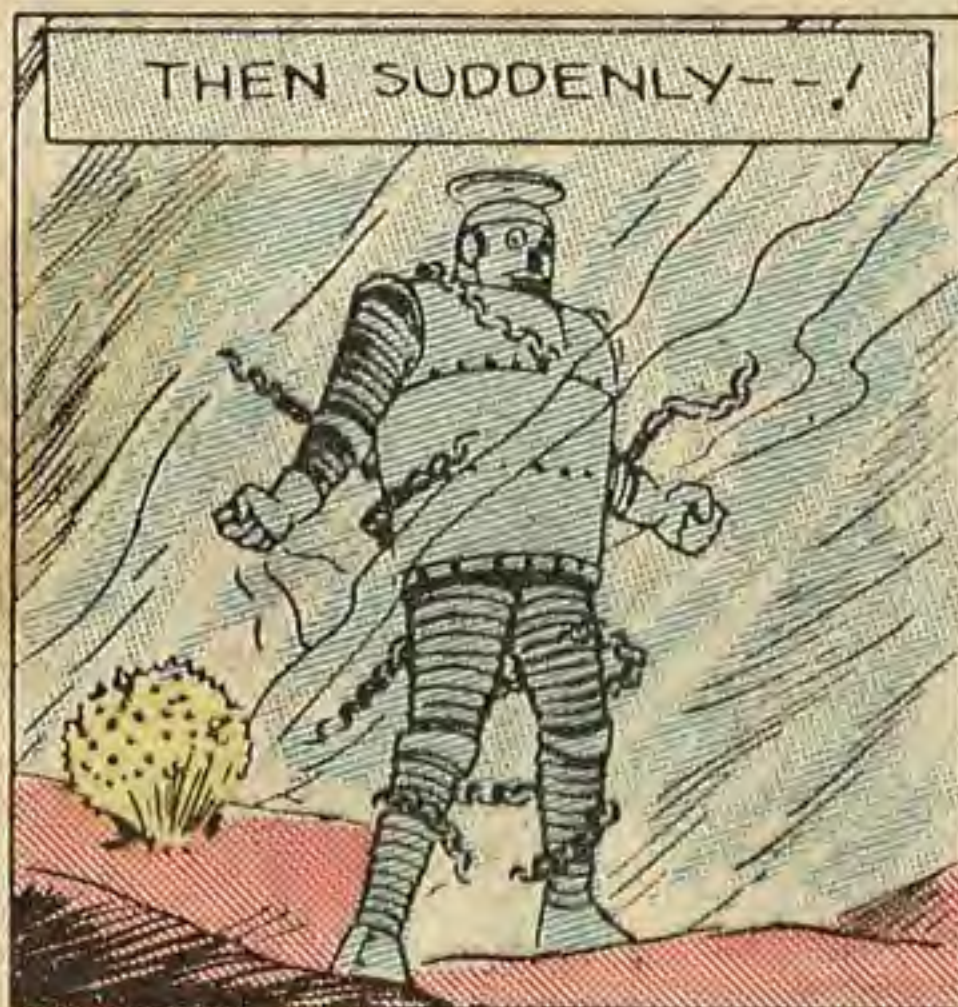


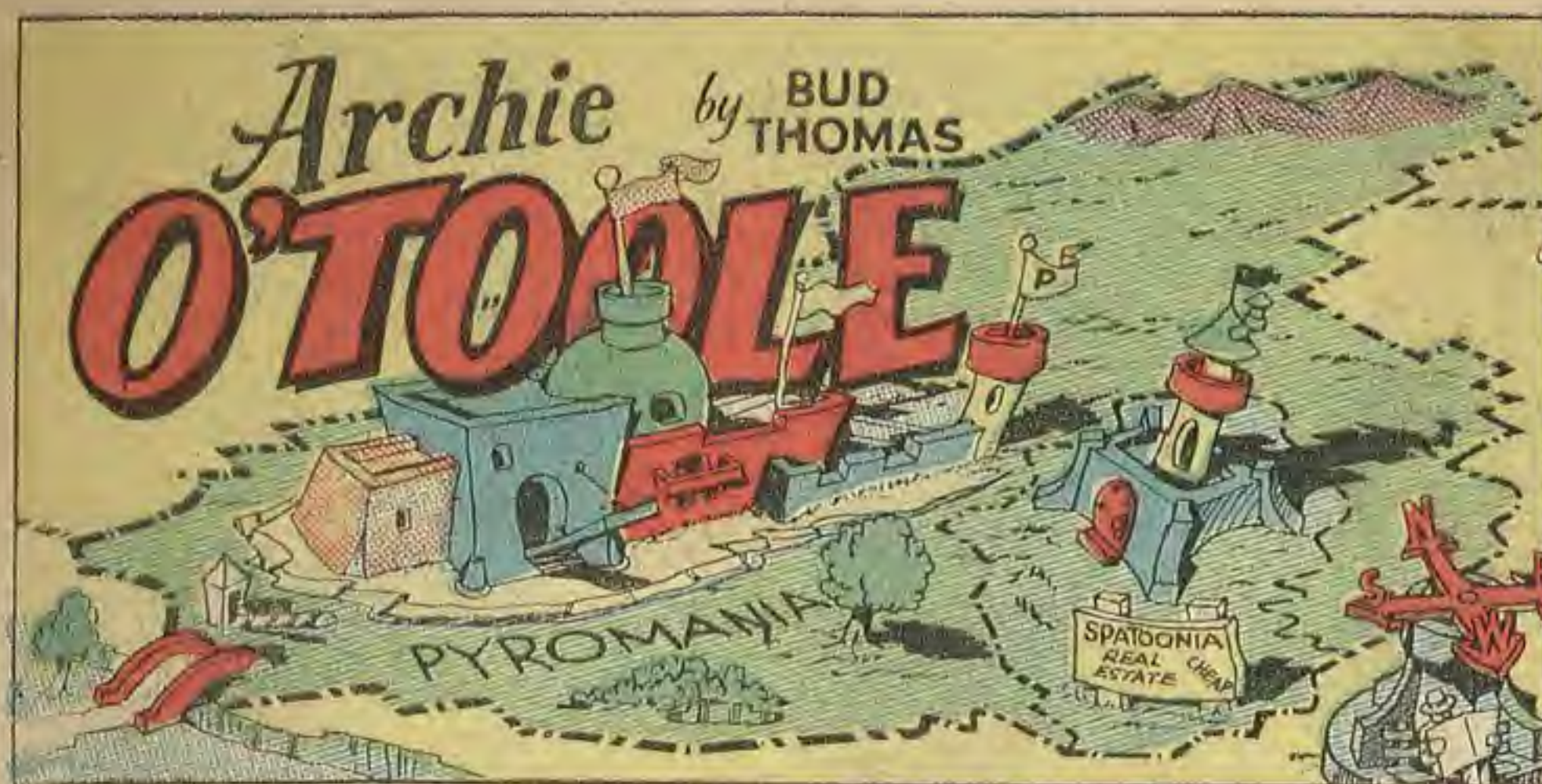
--AND TWO PLANES STRIKE OUT IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS OVER THE CITY--!!





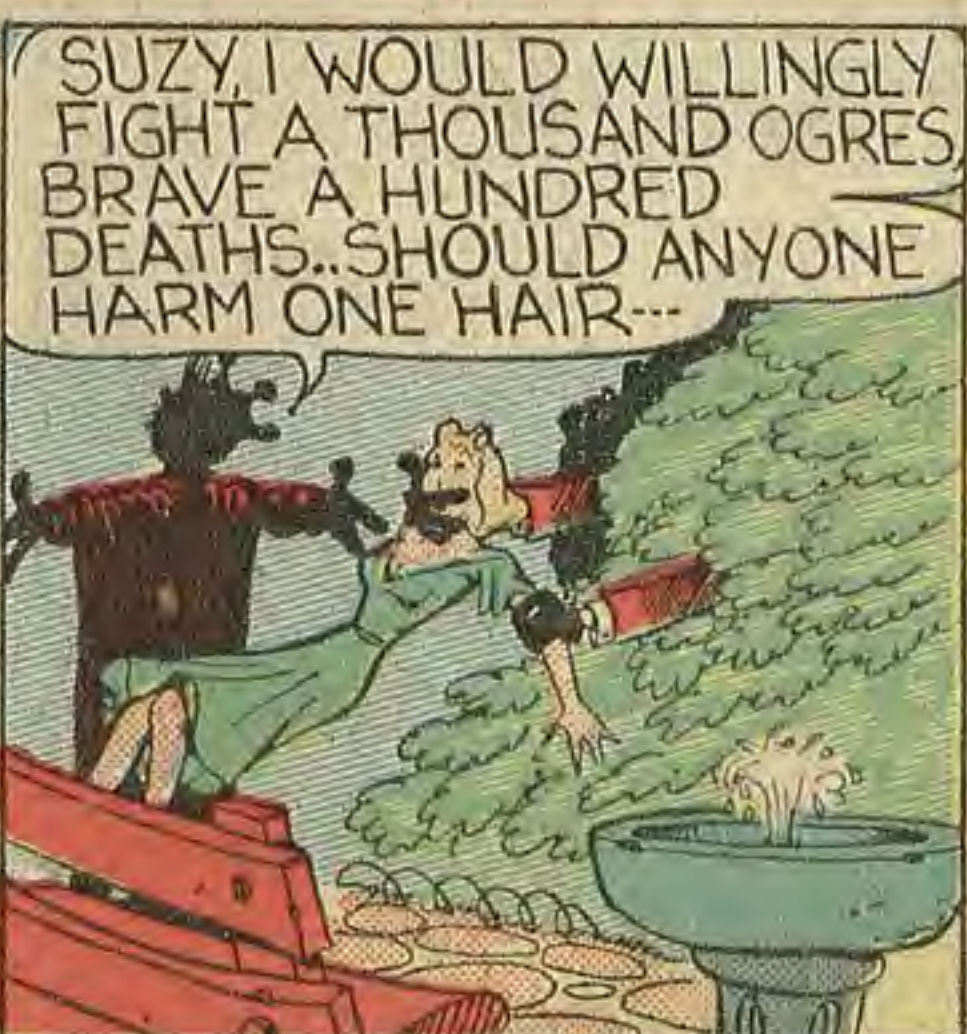
AND THE IRON MAN, WITH HUGH INSIDE, COMES TO REST ON THE MURKY BOTTOM--





DEAR READERS. AS YOU CAN SEE BY THE MAP...

...THE TINY KINGDOM OF SPATOONIA LIES DIRECTLY ON THE BORDER OF PYROMANIA. ITS KING, HORACE XI, IS A MEANIE IF THERE EVER WAS ONE, (HE'S ALWAYS UP TO MISCHIEF!)





JUST AS THE VASE HITS HORACE, ARCHIE SWINGS A HAYMAKER AND HORACE IS KOD

GOSH, THIS IS GOING TO CAUSE GREAT CHANGES IN ARCHIE!! SEE THE NEXT ISSUE..

CAPTAIN COOK

OF SCOTLAND YARD

ON ONE OF HIS RARE EVENINGS AWAY FROM POLICE WORK, COOK HAS GONE TO THE THEATER. WHEN SUDDENLY...

I SAY--
WHAT'S
THIS?

A NOTE
FOR YOU,
CAPTAIN!



GREETINGS,
CHIEF!
WHAT'S
UP?

TWO MURDERS--
BOTH CONNECTED
WITH THE
INTELLIGENCE
DEPT. OF
GREAT BRITAIN!



WE'RE BEING
FOLLOWED! DRIVE
TO 7 WESTFORD
SQUARE, **QUICK!**

ACTION!
JUST WHAT
I NEED!



LOOK OUT!
HE'S THROWING
A **BOMB!**

DROP YOUR
SPEED,
DRIVER! WE'LL
FOOL HIM!



AT SLACKENED SPEED THE
SCOTLAND YARD CAR WHIRLS
TO A SIDE STREET--JUST AS
THE BOMB IS THROWN!



HURRY!
BEFORE
THEY
FOLLOW!

THAT'S A SAMPLE
OF WHAT WE'RE
UP AGAINST,
COOK!



DO YOU PLACE A
CONNECTION
BETWEEN THE
MEN WHO THREW
THAT BOMB AND
THE KILLERS YOU
MENTIONED?

MAYBE--THEY
WERE DESPER-
ATE ENOUGH!
THIS MAY
BE A CASE OF
INTERNATIONAL
SPY WORK!



LATER--IN AN OFFICE OF THE
INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT.

THE TWO
MURDERED MEN
WERE ABOUT
TO CLOSE A
DEAL SELLING
HELIUM GAS
TO ENGLAND!

--TO USE IN THE
NEW DRIGIBLE
BEING COMPLETED
AT CHANTILLY
AIRDROME?



YES! YOU'RE
TO REPORT
AT THE
AIRDROME
TOMORROW

YES,
SIR!



OUR GOVERNMENT BELIEVES THAT CERTAIN MEN WANT TO KEEP THE NEW DIRIGIBLE FROM COMPLETING A SUCCESSFUL TEST FLIGHT--



THE NEXT MORNING AT CHANTILLY AIR-DROME THE COMMANDANT MEETS COOK-

- IF YOU EXAMINE THE DIRIGIBLE YOU MAY FIND A CLUE TO OUR PROBLEM--



I'VE EXAMINED THE SHIP BUT FOUND NO CLUES--I WANT TO WATCH IT TONIGHT!



I WONDER WHY THAT BIRD IS WATCHING ME?--LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE WORKMEN

THOSE SEARCHLIGHTS PLAY ON THE SHIP EVERY HALF HOUR AT NIGHT!

THEY OUGHT TO SPOT AN INTRUDER!



NIGHT FALLS--THEN, WHEN ALL IS DARK SOMEONE CAUTIOUSLY STEALS INTO THE HUGE AIRSHIP...



HE HURRIES DOWN A NARROW CATWALK, THRU A TRAPDOOR AND ONTO A RUDDER! SUDDENLY HE TAKES SOMETHING FROM A VIAL...



CLIMBING A LADDER, HE PASTES A LONG STRIP OF PAPER UP THE SIDE OF THE DIRIGIBLE!



SOMEBODY'S ON TOP OF THE AIRSHIP!

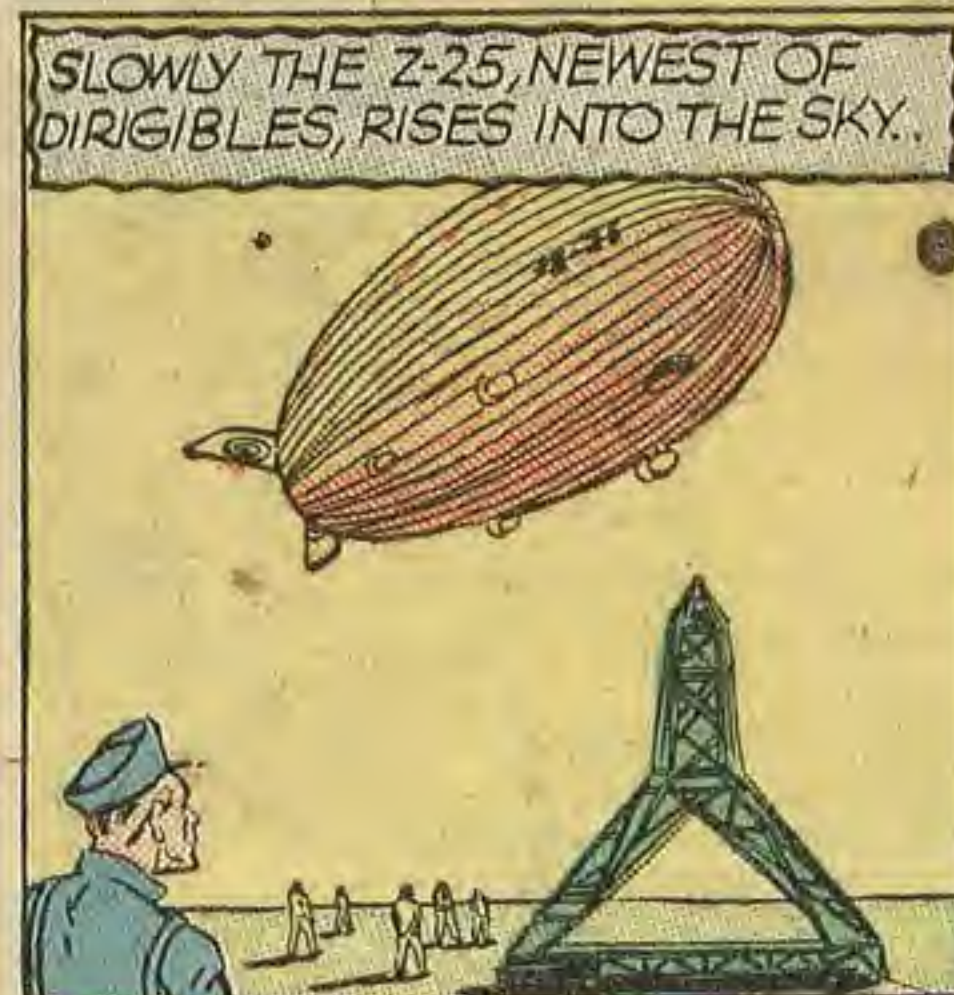
FLASH THE SEARCH-LIGHTS! I'LL GET HIM!



STAND STILL, AND PUT UP YOUR ARMS!



WITH PLEASURE!





YOU WON'T LIGHT ANY FIRES ABOARD **THIS** AIRSHIP, MISTER!

OW!



WHILE COOK STOPS ONE OF THE MEN, THE OTHER IGNITES A STRIP OF OIL COVERED PAPER OUTSIDE THE DIRIGIBLE!



SO- THAT'S YOUR GAME!

GET BACK!



WHEN THAT FIRE REACHES THE HYDROGEN BAGS, THE WHOLE SHIP WILL BURN- HA- HA!



SO, YOU'RE THE MEN WHO TRIED TO PREVENT A SALE OF HELIUM GAS FOR USE IN THIS DIRIGIBLE!

NOTE: HELIUM GAS WON'T BURN- BUT HYDROGEN GAS WILL.



YOU'VE FAILED, YOU SPIES! ENGLAND BOUGHT THE GAS ANYWAY! THIS SHIP IS FILLED WITH **HELIUM**!

WHAT??



WHEN THE FUSELAGE BURNS OFF IT WILL LEAVE A HULL OF ASBESTOS!-- SOMETHING NEW IN DIRIGIBLES!



THE HELIUM IN THOSE BAGS WON'T BURN! YOU'VE PLAYED INTO THE HANDS OF THE LAW!



STAND BACK, COPPER! WE'VE FAILED, BUT THE LAW WON'T GET US-- WE'VE GOT **PARACHUTES**!



NOW, JUST WATCH US FLOAT OUT OF THE LAW'S REACH!



SAY! DID I SEE SOMEONE USING A PARACHUTE? WE'RE MILES AT SEA! **HE'LL DROWN!**

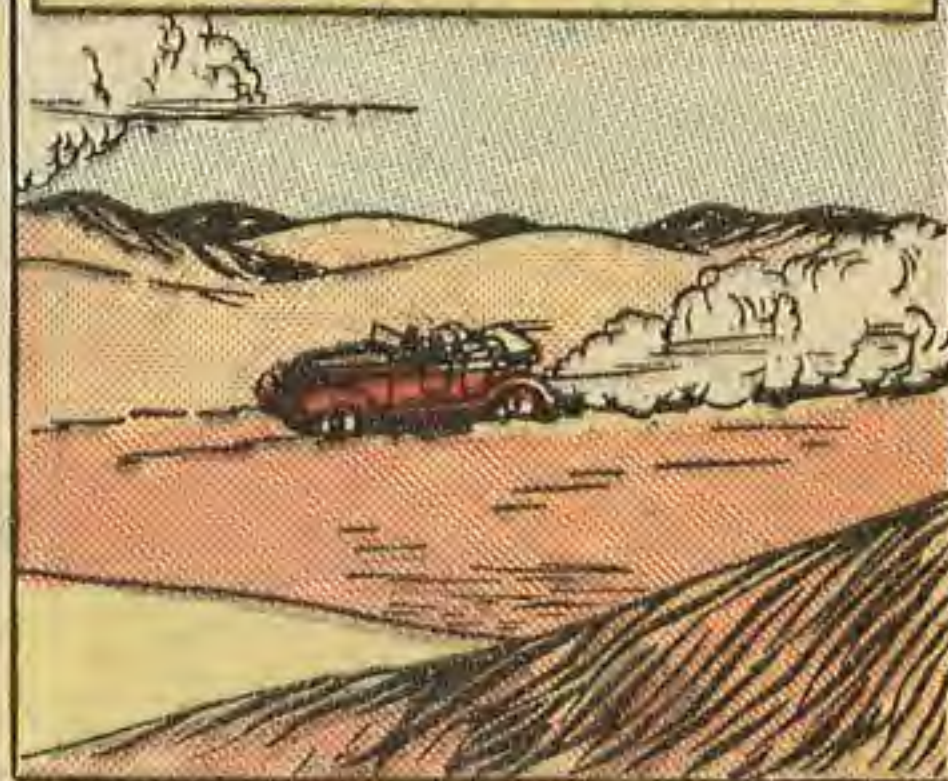


YES, I KNOW-- TWO SPIES HAVE JUST SAVED ENGLAND THE COST OF A TRIAL!

?

ABDUL THE ARAB

AN AUTOMOBILE SLOWLY MAKES ITS WAY OVER THE HOT DESERT SANDS--



YOU KNOW, TOMMY--THOSE SCRIPTURES WE FOUND WILL BRING US A FORTUNE--

YES--AND LOOKING AT OUR BANK BALANCE, WE NEED IT--



AND UNKNOWN TO THE TWO EXPLORERS---

WHEN THEY GET CLOSER--WE ATTACK THEM--!!

YES, KHABAR--



REMEMBER--TELL THE MEN TO FOLLOW OUT MY ORDERS TO THE WORD--I HAVE A REASON---



WITHOUT WARNING, THE DESERT RAIDERS OPEN FIRE ON THE APPROACHING CAR--!!



KEEP LOW, DENNY--

WE CAN'T HOLD THEM OFF LONG--OUR AMMUNITION IS LOW--!!



LISTEN--DO YOU HEAR THAT NAME THEY'RE CALLING OUT??

YES--!



WELL--SHOULD EITHER ONE OF US ESCAPE, REPORT IT TO THE BRITISH POLICE AND--UGH!-- TOMMY--THEY GOT-ME--!!

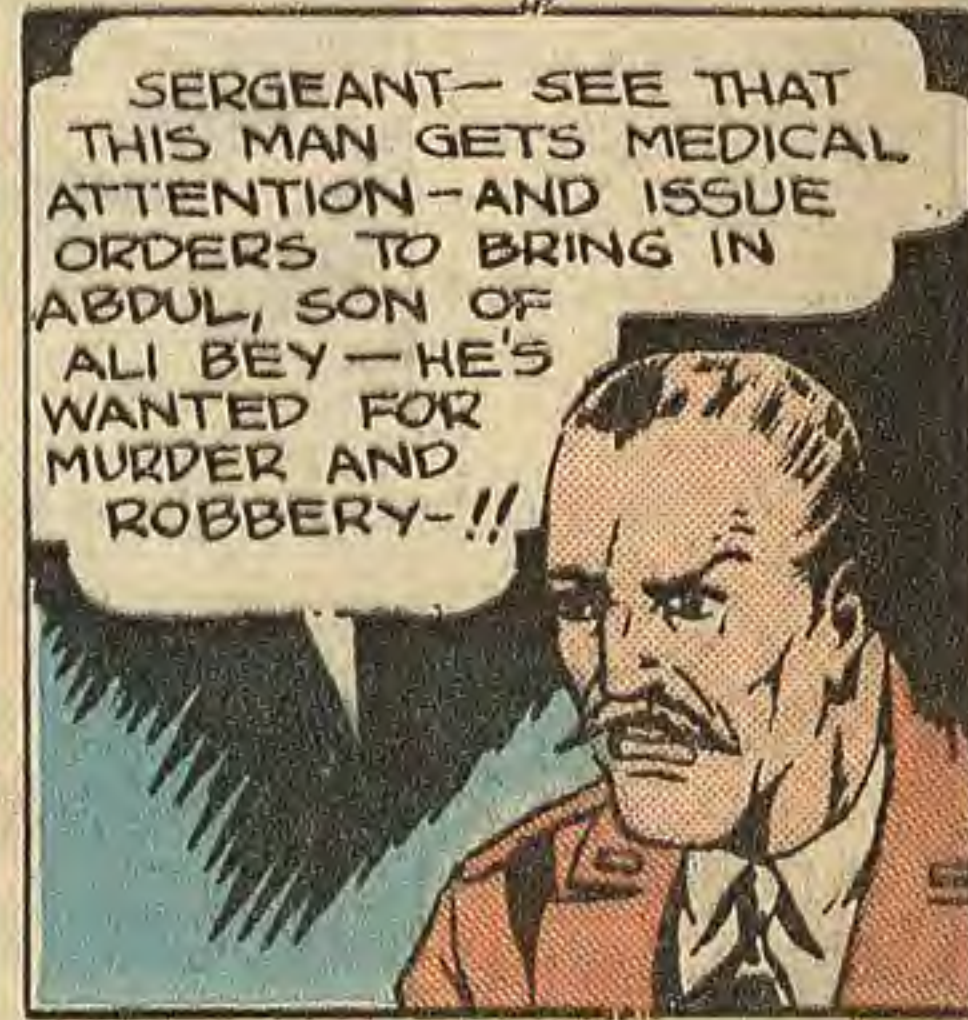


DENNY--UH!!





TWO DAYS LATER, A WOUNDED, BEDRAGGLED MAN, STAGGERS INTO THE BRITISH PATROL POST AND TELLS HIS STORY----



THE POLICE HAVE LITTLE TROUBLE FINDING THE INNOCENT ABDUL----



--HE IS SEEN BY HASSAN, HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT--





AND THROUGH
THE CROWDED
STREETS OF
NAJHAR,
HASSAN
SEARCHES
FOR A WORD
OR SIGN
THAT WILL
HELP HIM TO
FREE HIS
MASTER--



WHEN SUDDENLY HE HEARS-



THE
FAITHFUL
HASSAN
FOLLOWS
HIS
MAN
INTO THE
DESERT--



MEANWHILE, HIS TRIAL
OVER, ABDUL AWAITS THE
VERDICT---



THEY'VE REACHED A
DECISION, OLD BOY--
LET'S GO--



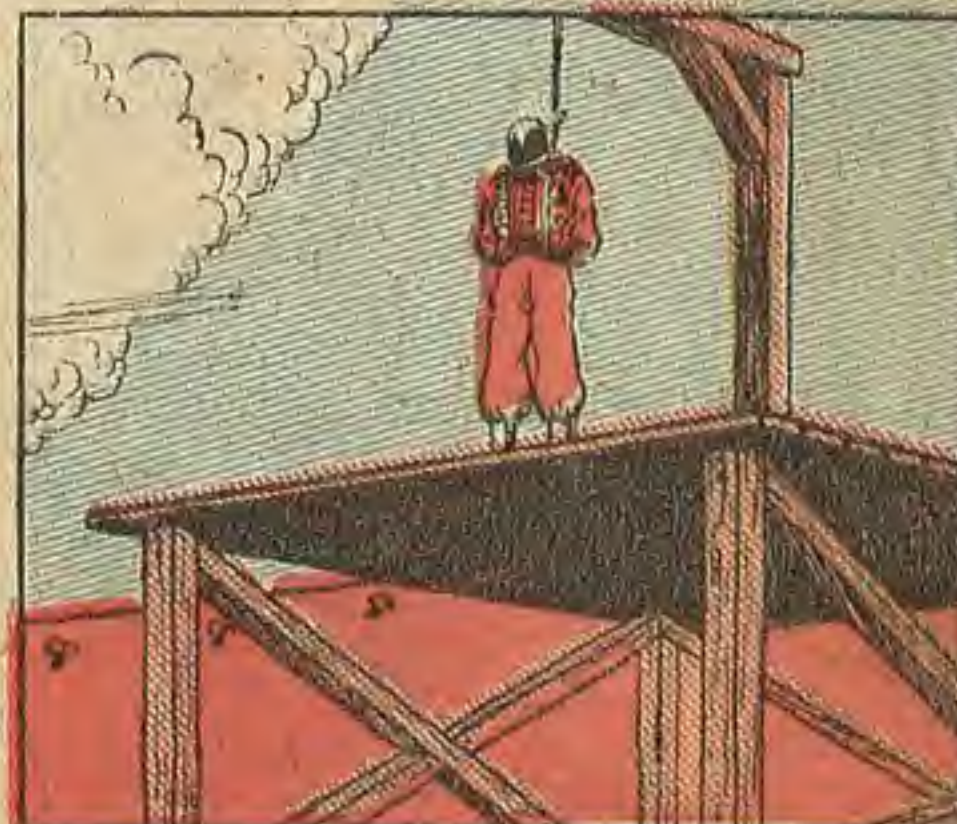
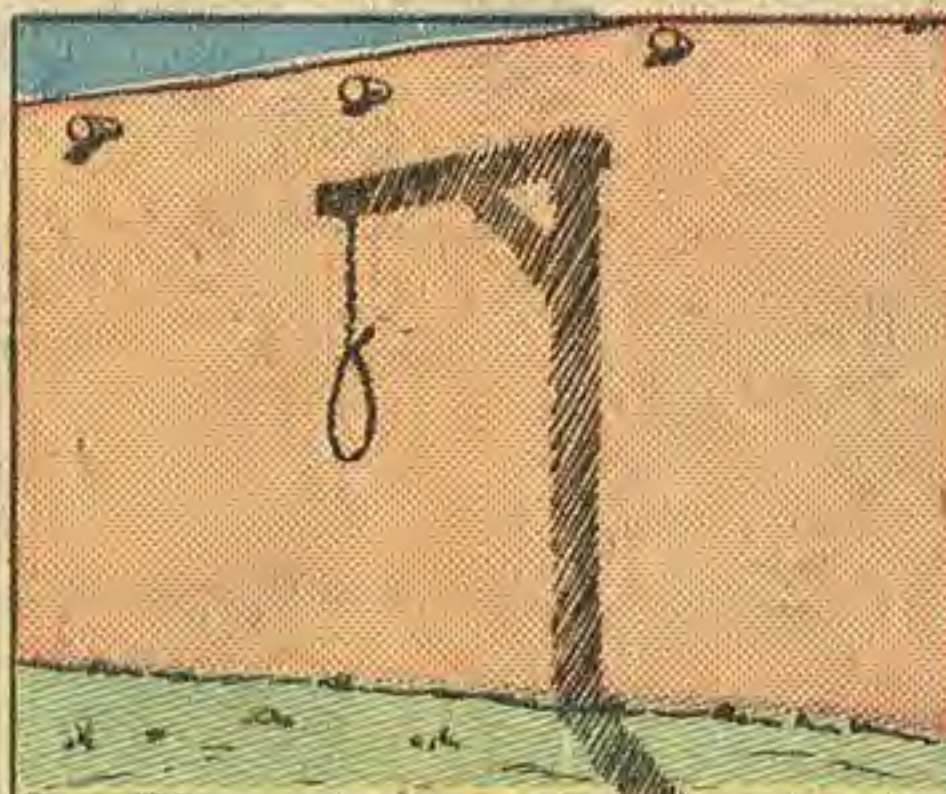
ABDUL--THE COURT
FINDS YOU GUILTY OF
MURDER---



-AND YOU ARE TO BE
HANGED BY THE NECK
UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD--
-AT SUNDOWN, TO-
NIGHT--!



AS THE SUN SLOWLY SINKS
BEHIND THE HILLS, IT CASTS
A SHADOW---



AND ABDUL, HOODED, AWAITS
THE SPRING OF THE TRAP--

STOP!--
STOP!--
THEY CAN'T
HEAR ME--
-I HAVE
ONE
CHANCE--!



SUDDENLY, A SHOT
SPLITS THE AIR--!!



WHAT'S THE
MEANING OF
THIS
INTERFERENCE--
??



ABDUL--
HE
INNOCENT--
!!

I HEAR ONE OF KHABAR'S
PIGS TELL GIRL ABOUT
ABDUL--I FOLLOW HIM AND
MAKE HIM TALK--I WILL
LET **KHABAR**
HIMSELF TELL
YOU REST--!



YES--I USE ABDUL'S NAME,
KNOWING IF VICTIM ESCAPE
HE TELL POLICE NAME OF
BANDIT HE HEAR CALLED OUT--
THAT THROW SUSPKION OFF
ME--BUT IT NOT WORK OUT
LIKE I THINK--!



ABDUL,
ANOTHER
SECOND
AND IT
WOULD BE
TOO
LATE--!

AS YOU
SAY, SIR--
BETTER
LATE
THAN
NEVER--

SORRY
ME
SPOIL
ROPE,
CAPTAIN



SPORTTRAITS

HEY, GLENN! I JUST CAUGHT UP WITH YOU TO ASK YOU HOW SAMMY IS MAKING OUT WITH HIS NEW CANDY STORE BACK HOME?



ARCHIE HAILS FROM KANSAS, THE SAME STATE THAT THE FAMOUS GLENN CUNNINGHAM COMES FROM..

WAS THAT A BREEZE?



NO, THAT WAS SAN ROMANI!

IN 1937 SAN ROMANI MADE A NEW WORLD'S RECORD FOR THE 2,000 METERS!



DUE TO THE TREMENDOUS DRIVING POWER IN HIS LEGS, SAN ROMANI HAS THE QUICKEST PICK-UP OF ANY OF THE PRESENT DAY MILE RUNNERS!

ARCHIE

SAN ROMANI

THE MAN WHO HAS AN EXCELLENT CHANCE TO BE KING OF THE MILE EVENT ON THE INDOOR TRACK THIS YEAR!

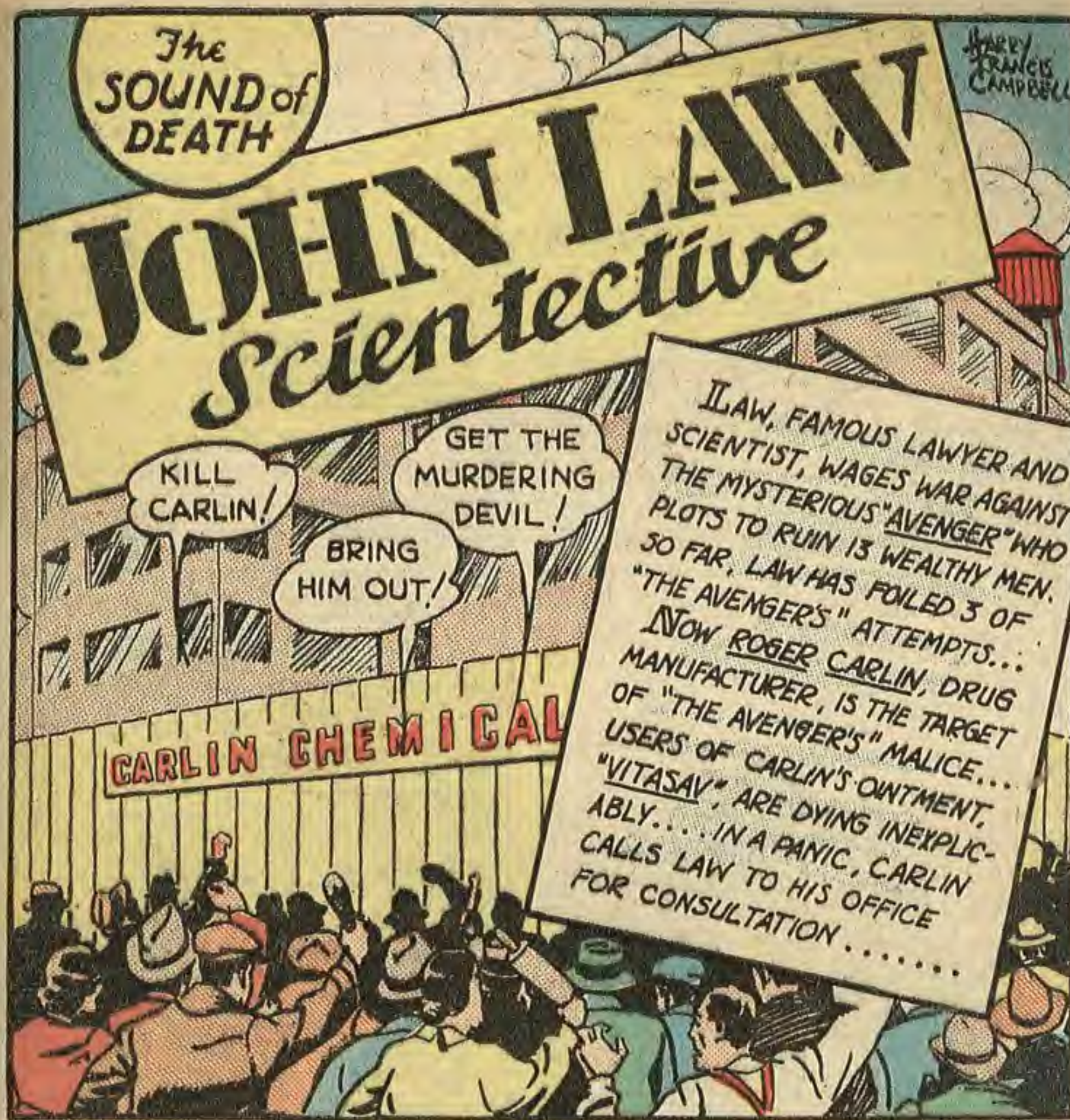


-GILL FOX-

IF I WASN'T OVER-WEIGHT I'D PROBABLY "TAKE OFF!!"



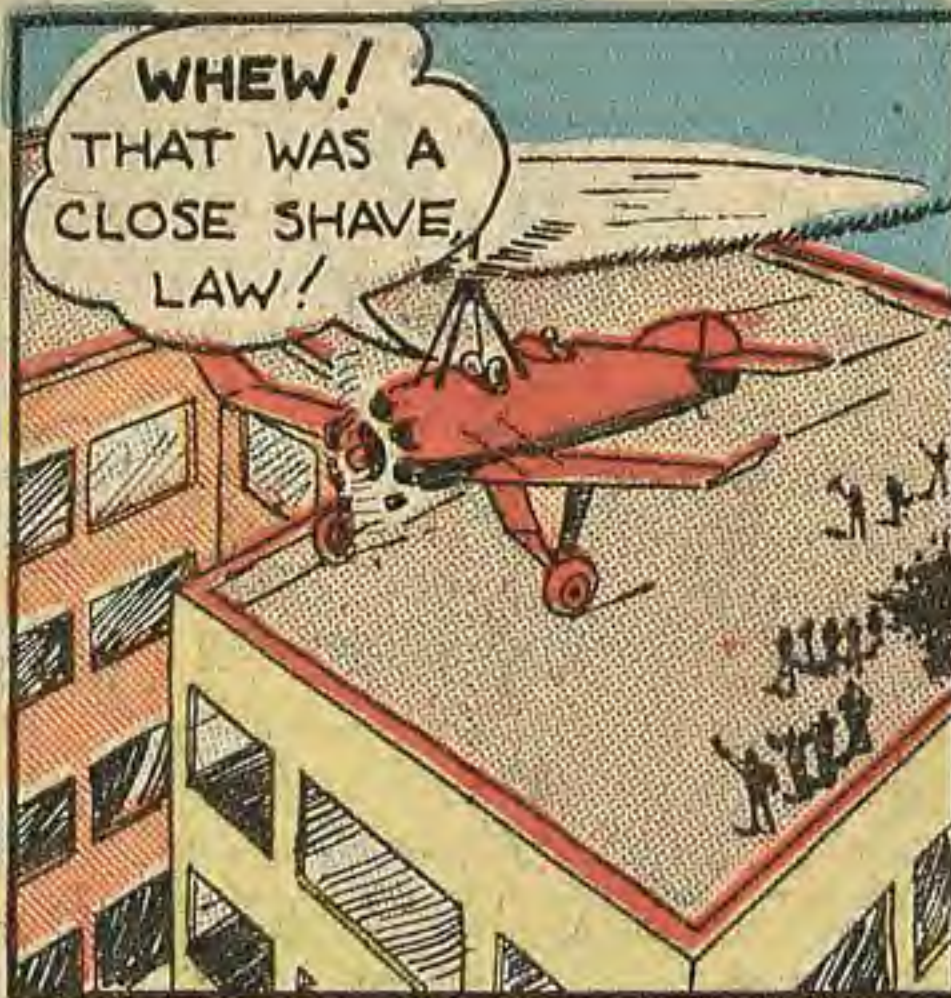
WHEN HE MADE THE 2,000 METER RECORD, ARCHIE WAS SEVEN POUNDS OVER-WEIGHT!





FORE!

... AT THE STAIR-HEAD ...



WHEW!
THAT WAS A
CLOSE SHAVE,
LAW!



BUT LAW, ... THE ONLY WAY MY
'VITASAV' COULD BE INJURIOUS
IS AS A HYPODERMIC INTO
THE BLOOD STREAM!

H'M-M

LATER, IN LAW'S
LABORATORY...



ANOTHER THING ... ALL THOSE
DEATHS WERE IN WARD 'B',
WHERE MY SALES HAVE
BEEN BOOMING
LATELY ...

YOU'VE
STOPPED
THE SALES
OF COURSE?



THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT
STOPPED THEM FOR ME! ... LAW,
UNLESS YOU SOLVE THIS CASE
CARLIN CHEMICALS IS
FINISHED!

I'LL DO
MY DARNDDEST!



JOHN, IT'S FRIGHTFUL ABOUT
POOR MR. CARLIN!

I'VE TAKEN
THE CASE, JUNE.
WILL YOU HELP?

LAW'S "LAB" ... NEXT MORNING



WE'RE GOING TO A RATTY
SECTION, BUT ALL THOSE
'VITASAV' DEATHS WERE
DOWN THERE!

WE
MAY FIND
SOMETHING!



... MRS. MURPHY,
ABOUT YOUR
HUSBAND ...

TIM WAS
MURDERED BY
THAT DIVVIL
CARLIN WITH HIS
FREE SAMPLES OF
'VITASAV'!

IN THE SLUM
SECTION OF
WARD 'B' ...



FREE SAMPLES, EH? ... STILL,
THEY ANALYZED THE STUFF
IN EVERY DEATH, AND IT
WAS OKAY!

DID
CARLIN GIVE
OUT SAMPLES?



ANY DRUG STORE COULD TELL
US ... HERE'S ONE ON THIS
CORNER!



'VITASAV' SAMPLES? ... NO! ...
BUT HERE'S A QUEER
THING ...

GO
ON!



I MADE A SALE OF 10 CASES
OF 'VITASAV' ... TO
ONE MAN!

THAT'S
A CLUE!

I FEEL
JITTERY!



ANY PROGRESS, LAW?

A LITTLE, CARLIN, ... I LEARNED THAT THE BOOM IN WARD 'B' WAS DUE TO SOMEONE'S BUYING UP 'VITASAV' TO GIVE IT AWAY AS SAMPLES...

SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!

THAT NIGHT... IN LAW'S LABORATORY.



PACKAGE FOR MR. CARLIN!



THIS CAN'T HURT... LET'S HEAR THE RECORD...



CARLIN!... YOU ARE NOT MAN ENOUGH TO TRY YOUR OWN MEDICINE!... THIS TUBE OF 'VITASAV' WAS PURCHASED AT A DRUG STORE, AND IS INTACT!... I CHALLENGE YOU TO TRY IT NOW!... THIS IS 'THE AVENGER'!



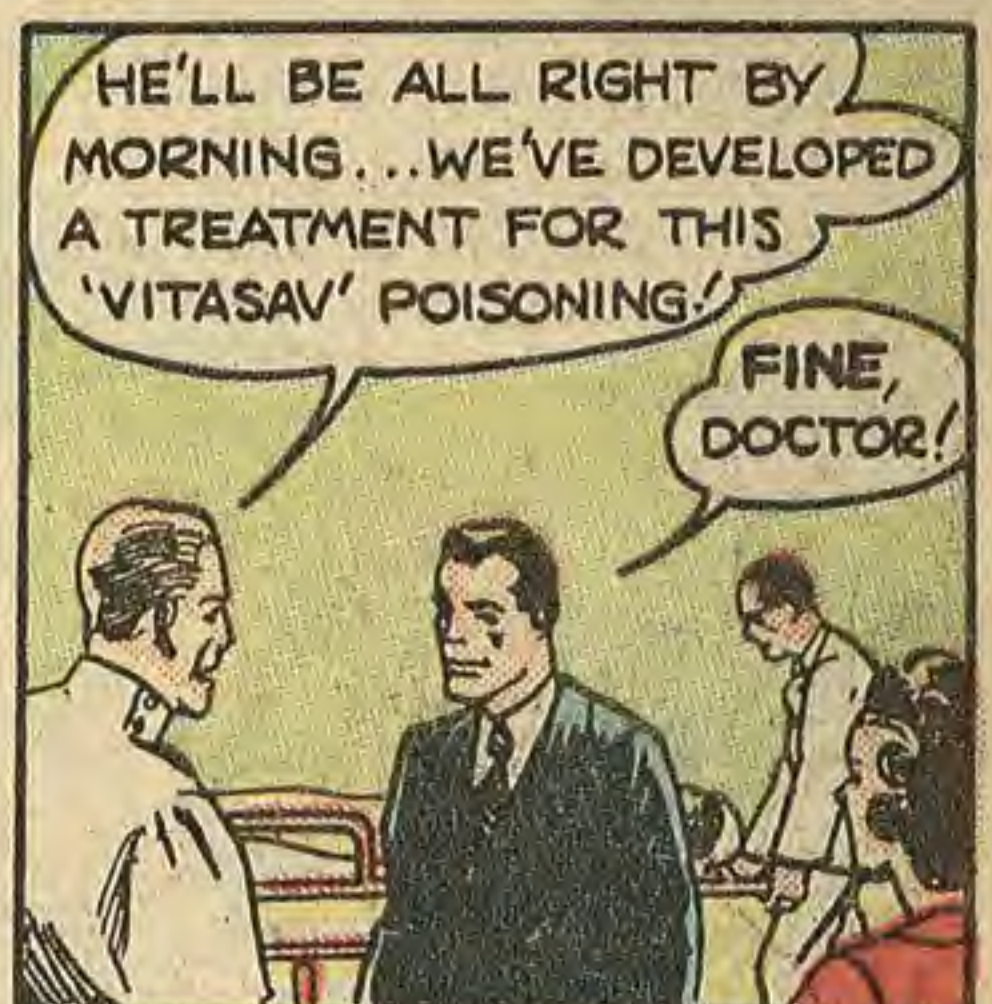
I'LL SHOW HIM! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH MY 'VITASAV'!... **WATCH!**

BETTER GO EASY!



IT'S GOT HIM!... QUICK, JUNE! CALL AN AMBULANCE!

2 MINUTES LATER!...



HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT BY MORNING... WE'VE DEVELOPED A TREATMENT FOR THIS 'VITASAV' POISONING!

FINE, DOCTOR!



JOHN, I FEEL NERVOUS AND JITTERY, JUST LIKE I DID DOWN THERE IN WARD 'B'.

YOU'RE TIRED, JUNE - TIME YOU WENT HOME.



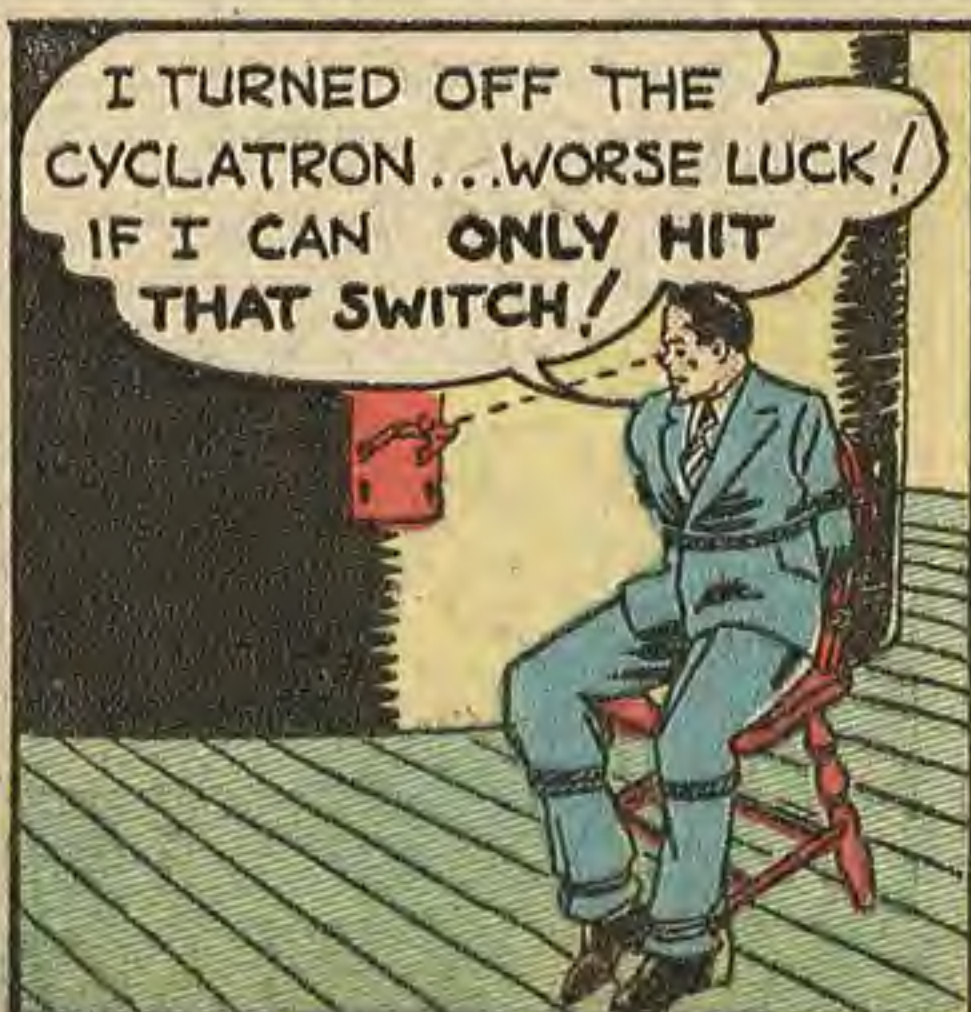
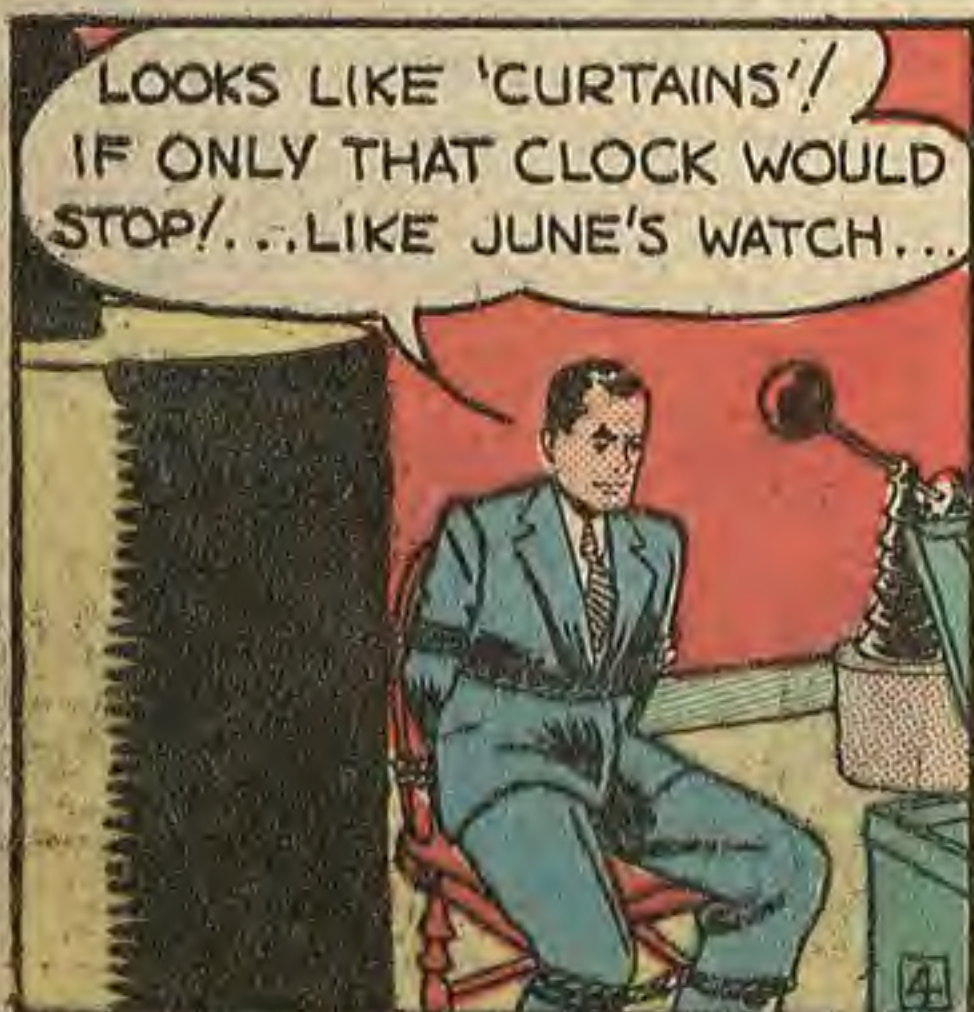
IT'S ONLY 8:30!... WHY - MY WATCH HAS STOPPED!

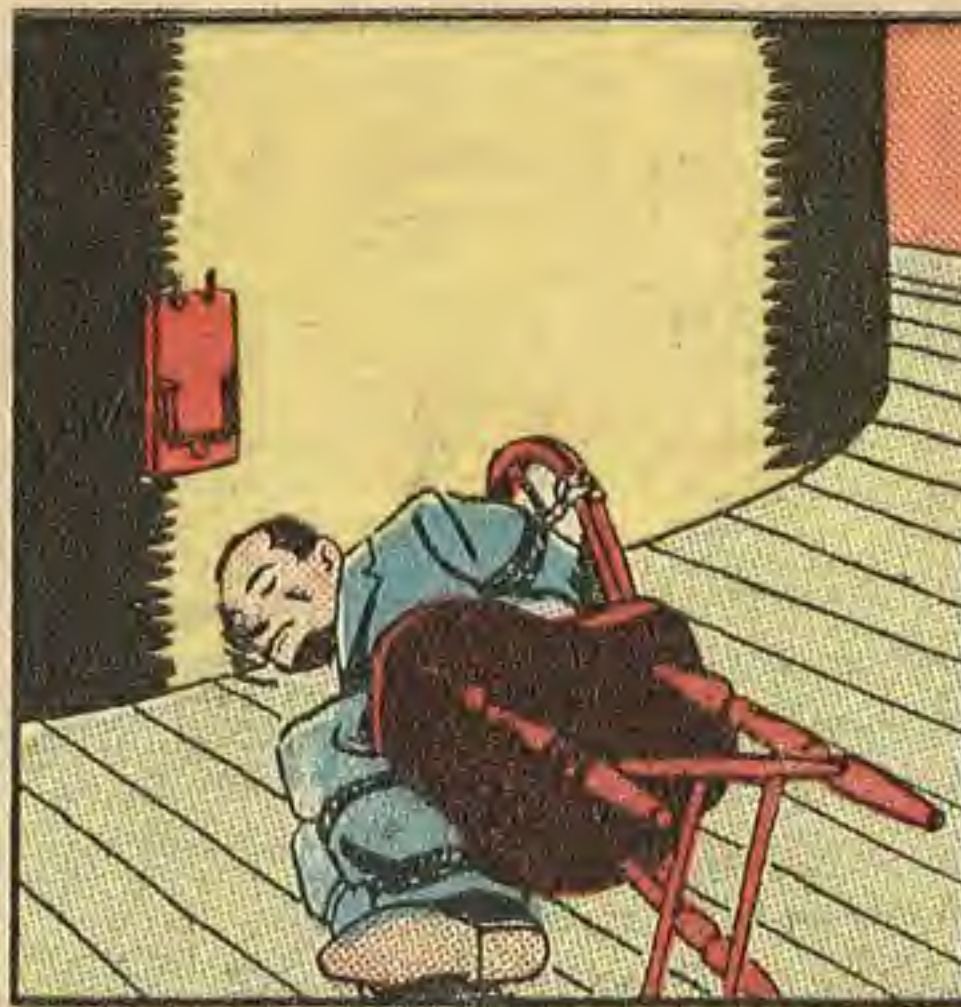
8:30?? IT'S NEARLY 12! GREAT GUNS! I FORGOT TO TURN OFF THE CYCLATRON! ITS MAGNETISM HAS STOPPED YOUR WATCH!



...JUNE WAS RIGHT!... I FEEL JITTERY MYSELF!... IT'S LIKE LISTENING TO AN INAUDIBLE SOUND!... WAIT!... **THAT PHONOGRAPH!**

AND AFTER JUNE HAD GONE...





THE CYCLATRON SWITCH CLOSES, AND THE MAGNETIC FORCE OF THE MIGHTY ATOM SMASHER FILLS THE ROOM. THE FATAL CLOCK SLOWS... AND STOPS... AND LAW LIES UNCONSCIOUS!



JOHN! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

'THE AVENGER' ALMOST GOT ME -HELP ME WITH THESE ROPES/ WE HAVE WORK TO DO!

THE NEXT MORNING



CALL CARLIN WHILE I WASH OFF THIS POISON... HE'S WELL ENOUGH TO COME OVER HERE.



LAW... UNLESS YOU CAN PROVE I'M THE VICTIM OF A PLOT... I'M RUINED!

I'M READY TO PROVE THAT NOW!

1 HOUR LATER...



HERE'S THE FROG, JOHN!

FROG!? ARE YOU MAD?

GOOD! NOW START THE PHONOGRAPH, JUNE!

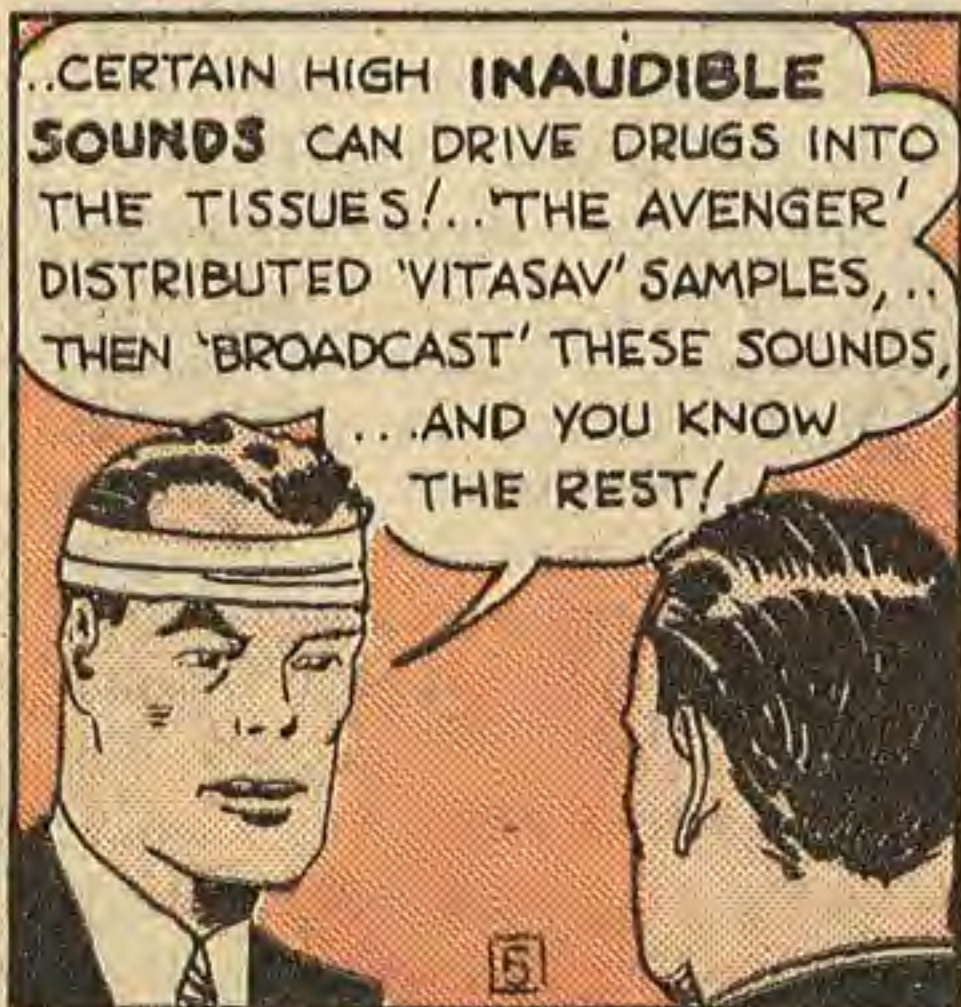


LAW APPLIES A BLUE DYE TO THE FROG'S BACK



IT'S... IT'S TURNING BLUE ALL OVER!

RIGHT! THAT BLUE DYE WAS DRIVEN INTO ITS BLOOD STREAM BY SOUND!... JUST AS 'VITASAV' WAS DRIVEN INTO ITS VICTIMS!



...CERTAIN HIGH **INAUDIBLE SOUNDS** CAN DRIVE DRUGS INTO THE TISSUES!... 'THE AVENGER' DISTRIBUTED 'VITASAV' SAMPLES, THEN 'BROADCAST' THESE SOUNDS, ... AND YOU KNOW THE REST!



...NOW, I'LL LOCATE HIS 'SOUND FACTORY' DOWN IN WARD 'B'... AND YOUR TROUBLES ARE ALL OVER, CARLIN!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT YET!

THE MASTER OF MU

By Robert M. Hyatt

A flash of red flame and a terrific, world-splitting detonation ripped through Jon Gale's brain. Then his eyes came open. At first he thought he was still in the hurtling projectile but quickly discovered that he lay on a cold stone floor. A cold stone floor on the moon!

Jon's thoughts shuttled crazily and a queer sense of abandonment gripped him. Yes, and fear. The fiend Milo had made good his boast. He had shot Jon and his companions to the moon! For a moment young Gale lay still, thinking over the strange events that had led up to this mad flight through space. First, there had been that item in the *San Francisco Call*:

STRANGE LIGHT ON MT. SHASTA REVIVES ANCIENT LEMURIAN LEGEND.

Jon Gale was not given to rambling; as a scientist, he had his own ideas about the supernatural. Consequently, he wasn't much impressed with the "legendary" aspect of Mt. Shasta's occasional fiery display; it was a volcanic mountain. Rather, this odd "light" mentioned in the news item coincided with a theory he had.

You will remember that for a period of some two years the aviation world was shocked by a series of plane disasters occurring in a mountainous region lying between Utah and California. Ships crashed without apparent cause, and public sentiment regarding safe flying flared into an ominous rebellion. Thousands of potential air travelers decided that land travel was the best after all, and the aviation companies suffered a tremendous loss in fares.

At this point, it might be well to remind you (in case you've forgotten) that Jon Gale is one of the world's most brilliant scientists, with a laboratory on an island off the California coast. Although but a youth, his fame as a crime nemesis is well established, and wrongdoers the world over have just cause to fear him and his staff of experts.

Jon had two theories regarding the plane mishaps: either the pilots were overcome by strange gases emanating from some mountain, or their instruments became de-magnetized by some natural deposit in the rugged terrain. It was to learn the real cause of the accidents that Jon and his assistants had taken off one midnight in their huge Lockheed Aboard were Jon, old MacPhail, the Scotch astronomer and physicist; Con Fraser, radio operator and photographer; and Gregg, the co-pilot.

An hour's flight brought them over the Sierras, and as they cruised at two hundred miles an hour high over the forested mountains, it was easily apparent that Mt. Shasta offered no landing space near its summit. But Jon had an idea. With Gregg at the controls, he, Fraser and MacPhail parachuted down toward the conical peak of Shasta. Their controlled 'chutes could be steered and, with the help of a light breeze, they dropped swiftly.

Landing on a large flat surface, they quickly got out of their parachutes and glanced around at the dim lava rocks which cropped out from the volcanic summit of the old mountain. Jon was opening his mouth to voice some suggestions when several hooded figures rushed from a cave and leaped upon them.

It all happened so suddenly that there was no outcries from

any of them, nor did their assailants make a sound. Resistance was futile, and with their hands tied behind their backs, the three adventurers were marched inside the cave. At the far end of it, amid surroundings that suggested furnishings from some highly modern apartment house, sat a big man, hooded and masked. Only his evil eyes showed in the slits of his mask.

"Well," he growled. "So the great Jon Gale comes to visit Milo, eh? That's nice. That's very nice. I'm sure you'll enjoy our hospitality, no?"

Jon's expression didn't change, but he wondered how the man knew his identity. He said, "I'd say your brand of hospitality is rather questionable."

Milo chuckled evilly. "Of course. But you'll change your mind soon. You see, we expected you—knew you were coming, in fact. And we have a little surprise for tourists up here . . . Vlastik!" he called. "Get the projectile ready, we don't want to keep our guests waiting. Yeah," he gloated, "we have a special treat for snoopers—on the moon!"

There was little more that Jon Gale could remember. When Milo had finished speaking, it seemed that dozens of hooded figures materialized about them and they were herded into a huge cavern where a gleaming projectile stood on a track. It was such a projectile as Jon had often seen depicted in fantastic fiction tales of Mars and other planets. Did this fiend actually possess the secret of interplanetary space traveling?

Foul-smelling masks were strapped over their faces, and then they were shoved into cushioned seats inside the big projectile and strapped down. The whole thing had taken but a few minutes. Then had come a terrific concussion as the metal monster was launched . . . and sudden unconsciousness.

Jon sat up, shook the drowsiness off, and crawled over the cold stone floor to Con Fraser,

who lay near old MacPhail. He shook Con by the shoulder, noting that his portable radio and camera were gone. Fraser came up, muttering foggily.

"It's okay," Jon said. "I don't know exactly what's happened, but let's get Mac awake and have a look around."

The small cave in which they found themselves opened out into a well-like pocket of solid greenish rock. Walls of the polished granite-like substance rose to great heights above them.

"Moon crater," MacPhail said in an awed voice. "It can't be true, but it is!"

Jon clapped a hand over MacPhail's arm. "Here comes someone," he cautioned. "Stand still."

An old man, grizzled and stooped, hobbled toward them from another cave across the broad courtyard that formed the bottom of the well-like pocket.

"Huh," said the stranger, "so you're the new arrivals, eh?"

"Who are you?" Jon asked. "And where is this?"

"Creighton's my name—that is, it used to be back in New York. Maybe you remember when I—er—disappeared. Randall Creighton, of Creighton and Hendricks, Attorneys. Yeah, Milo got me, like he has hundreds of others." The old man paused. "Where is this? Well, laddie, *this* is the moon. He brings his victims all up here. You see . . ."

Jon Gale and staff listened to an incredible story. The man known only as Milo was a scientist, Creighton explained. He had evolved a space-traveling ship and a kidnap scheme that was infallible. His victims during the five years he had operated included many well-known people—people who had vanished from the earth. Some of them, the old man told them, had been returned to earth. Milo had amassed millions. He had a world-wide syndicate with smart attorneys in key cities of many lands. He kept his victims only as long as it took to get all their wealth. Sometimes he collected

ransom; more often his attorneys worked on the kidnaped person's estate until it was all in his hands.

Jon was stunned. What a set-up! Like nothing the world had ever heard of.

"You mean to say," Con Fraser gasped, "that he has others up here?"

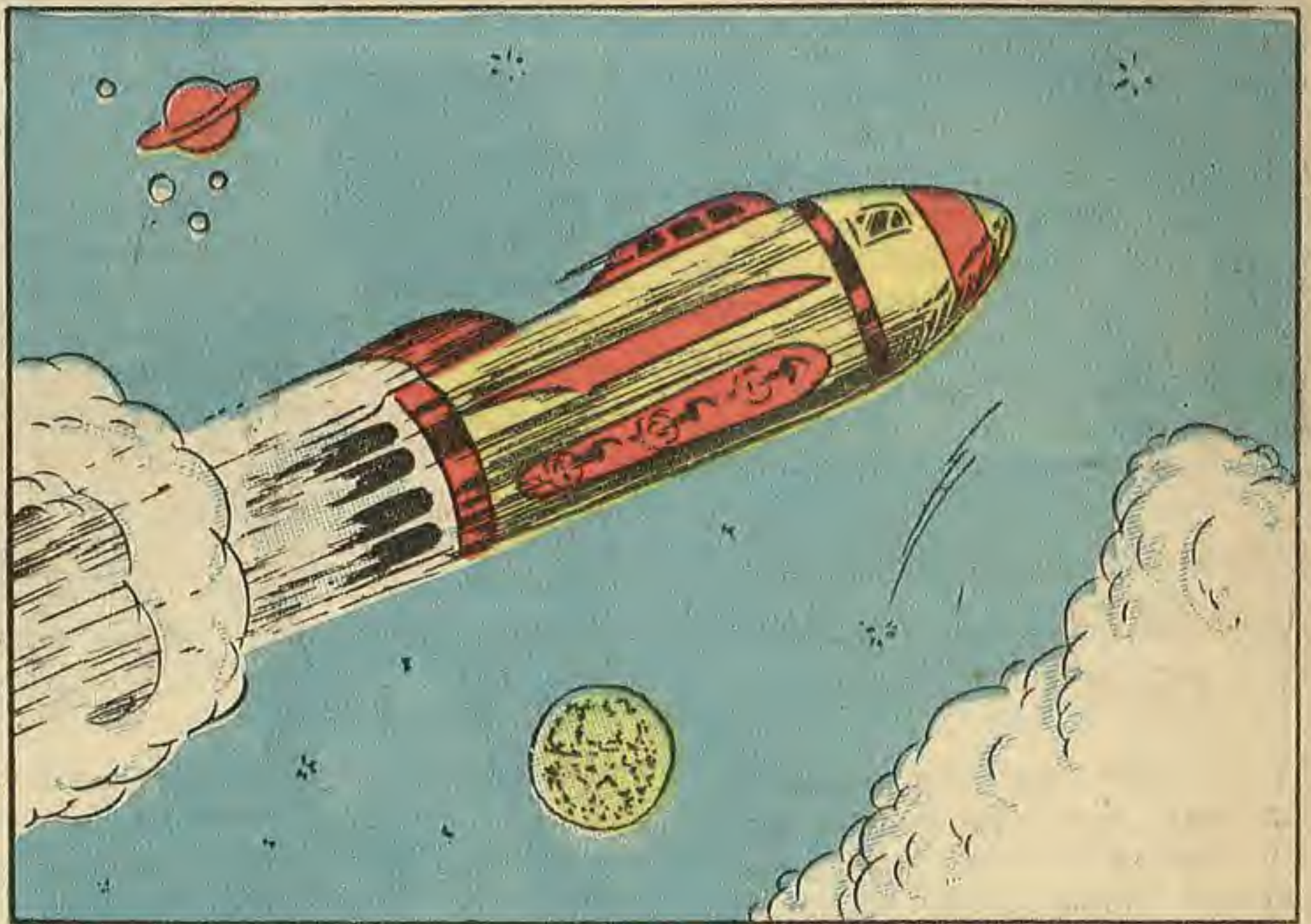
"Right now," the old man replied, "there are probably thirty persons imprisoned in different caves around here. Last month he took a dozen or more folks back where he got 'em. One of them had been here more than three years because he wouldn't

where is the projectile kept?"

Creighton told him, adding. "But if you want to get Milo, you'll have to find him; nobody knows where his quarters are."

The young scientist and his companions quickly formed a plan. And that night, while a ghastly, greenish light poured in over the lips of the crater far above them, they began to carry it out. They had been told that a guard would bring them food shortly. He, then, was their first objective.

Leaving Creighton, they returned to their former place and



give Milo power of attorney to settle his estate—which was 'way up in the millions I heard. Yeah, Milo keeps 'em till they talk. He doesn't harm them; just wears 'em out by keeping 'em in dungeons and not allowing 'em to talk with the others."

"The fiend!" cried Jon. "The merciless rascal. How has he got by so long?"

Creighton grinned grimly. "Nobody knows about him. Nobody can follow him to the moon."

Jon wasted no more time in speculation. They were on the moon. How to get off was the problem.

"Where is the outlet to this pit?" he asked Creighton. "And

lay down, feigning sleep. In a short while footsteps approached from a tunnel.

"Ssssh!" Jon cautioned. "Here he comes!"

A hooded figure appeared from the corridor carrying a tray. Stooping over with hardly a glance at Jon and his two companions, he placed the tray on the stone floor. But before he could rise a tiny capsule, hurled by Jon, struck the stone in front of him and he crumpled without a sound.

THE MASTER OF MU is concluded in the February issue of SMASH COMICS—on sale December 20th.

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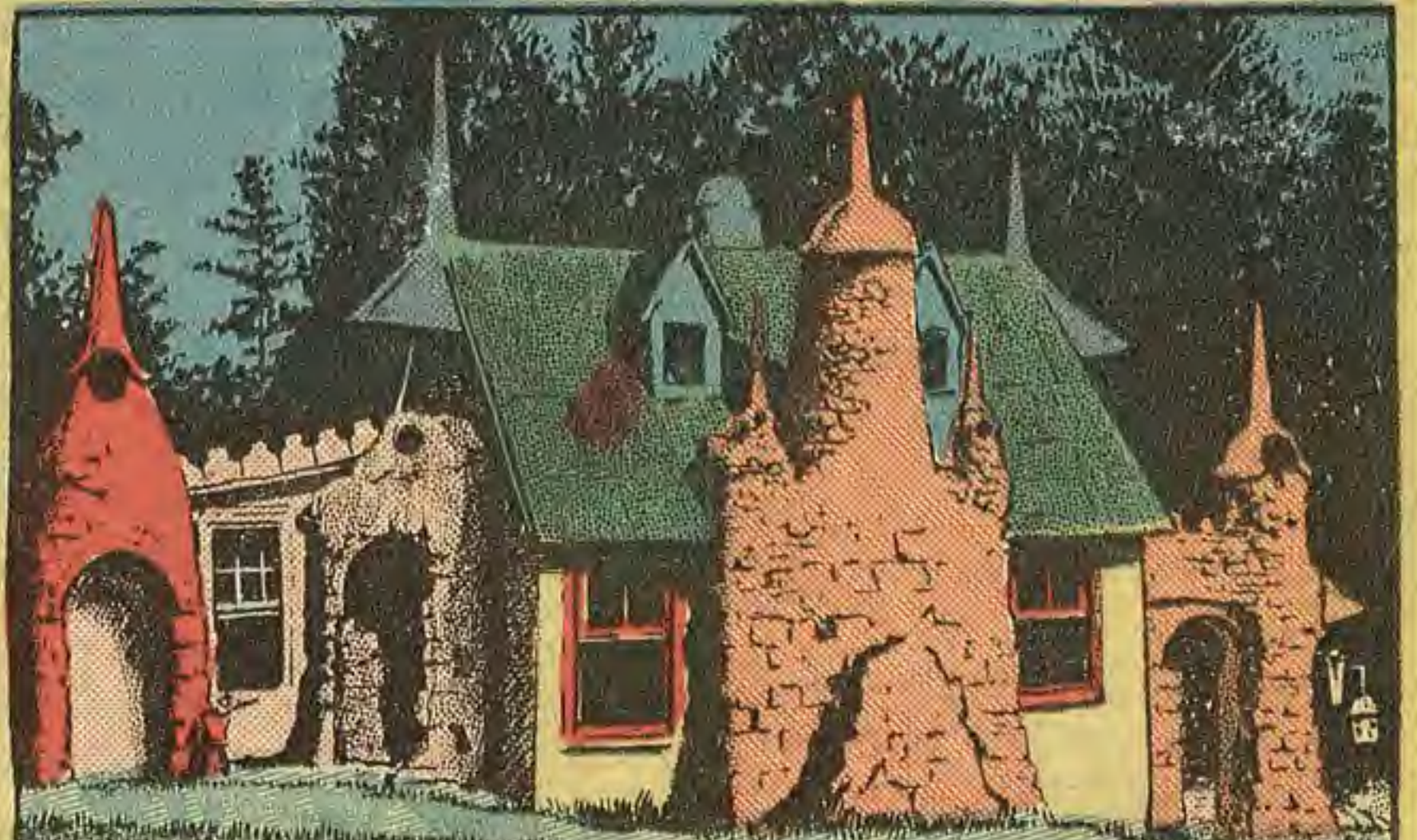
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CITY _____ STATE _____

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HE BEAT THE DEPRESSION!

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STOOKIE ALLEN



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of SMASH COMICS, published monthly, at Cleveland, Ohio, for Oct. 1, 1939.

State of Connecticut / ss.
County of Fairfield

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the SMASH COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn. Editor, Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn. Managing Editor, Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn. Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is _____ (This information is required from daily publications only.)

EVERETT M. ARNOLD,
Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1939.

M. ELLEN BRIDGE,
(My commission expires February 1, 1942.)

Read SMASH COMICS each month for the best in adventure, action and humor.

INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by ART GORDON

IS THERE SOME TROUBLE AT THE FIELDS, SIR??

YES, KENT—AND IT'S SERIOUS TOO!

KENT THURSTON, ALIAS "THE INVISIBLE HOOD," AND ARCH-ENEMY OF CRIME, IS ACCOMPANYING HIS FRIEND, COMMANDER STONE OF THE U.S. NAVY, TO THE UNITED STATES HELIUM FIELDS.

IT SEEMS A GANG OF CROOKS ARE HI-JACKING OUR TRUCK SHIPMENTS OF HELIUM—SOMEONE IS TIPPING OFF THE GANG—THE HELIUM IS APPARENTLY BEING SMUGGLED OUT OF THE COUNTRY!

THAT IS SERIOUS, SIR!

HERE WE ARE, COMMANDER—

YOU SEE, COMMANDER, EVERYTHING HAPPENS SO FAST OUR TRUCK DRIVERS CAN GIVE US NO DEFINITE CLUES!

HMM—A CLEVER BUNCH OF CROOKS, LANE!

YES SIR, BUT SOMETHING MUST BE DONE—I'VE CHECKED EVERY EMPLOYEE HERE AND YET I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THE GANG IS NOTIFIED OF OUR SHIPMENTS!

WE'VE GOT TO LEARN WHERE THE STOLEN HELIUM CYLINDERS ARE BEING TAKEN AS WELL AS THE HIDEOUT OF THE GANG!! WE NEED THAT HELIUM FOR OUR OWN AIRCRAFT!

AT THE SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE.

I'M ASSIGNING AN ACE UNDERCOVER MAN TO LOCATE THEIR HIDEOUT BY DRIVING A TRUCK ON THE REGULAR ROUTE—WHEN HE GIVES THE WORD WE'LL RAID THE HIDEOUT AND BREAK UP THE GANG! GOOD BYE, LANE!

GOOD DAY, SIR—

I'LL BE WAITING FOR THE G-MAN—IT'S A BRILLIANT IDEA!

WELL, THAT'S THAT! WITH LANE AND THE G-MAN ON THE JOB WE OUGHT TO HAVE A LINE ON THE GANG IN A WEEK, EH, KENT?

I WONDER, COMMANDER!

AS THE TWO MEN START BACK FOR THE CITY.

THE NEXT DAY KENT THURSTON RETURNS TO THE HELIUM FIELDS TO INVESTIGATE IN HIS OWN WAY—NOW, WEARING HIS CHEMICALLY-TREATED HOOD WHICH MAKES HIM INVISIBLE, HE AWAITS THE PASSING OF A TRUCK LOADED WITH HELIUM CYLINDERS—



IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT I'LL HAVE TO CRACK THIS CASE BEFORE THAT G-MAN GETS ON THE JOB!

HERE GOES—I HOPE I CAN MAKE IT SAFELY!



NOW TO AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS!!



THE INVISIBLE HOOD CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF THE TRUCK.

HEY!—WHAT'S THAT LYING IN THE ROAD? GREAT GUNS—IT'S A MAN!!



HMM—HE SEEMS TO BE OUT COLD!



AS THE DRIVER APPROACHES THE STILL FIGURE.

PUT 'EM UP, YOU—DON'T MOVE OR I'LL PLUG YA—OKAY, BOYS—LET'S GO!



AT THE GANGSTER'S COMMAND, THREE MEN APPEAR FROM HIDING PLACES ALONG THE ROADSIDE.

NICE WORK, SLUG—EVERYTHING WORKED AS PLANNED!

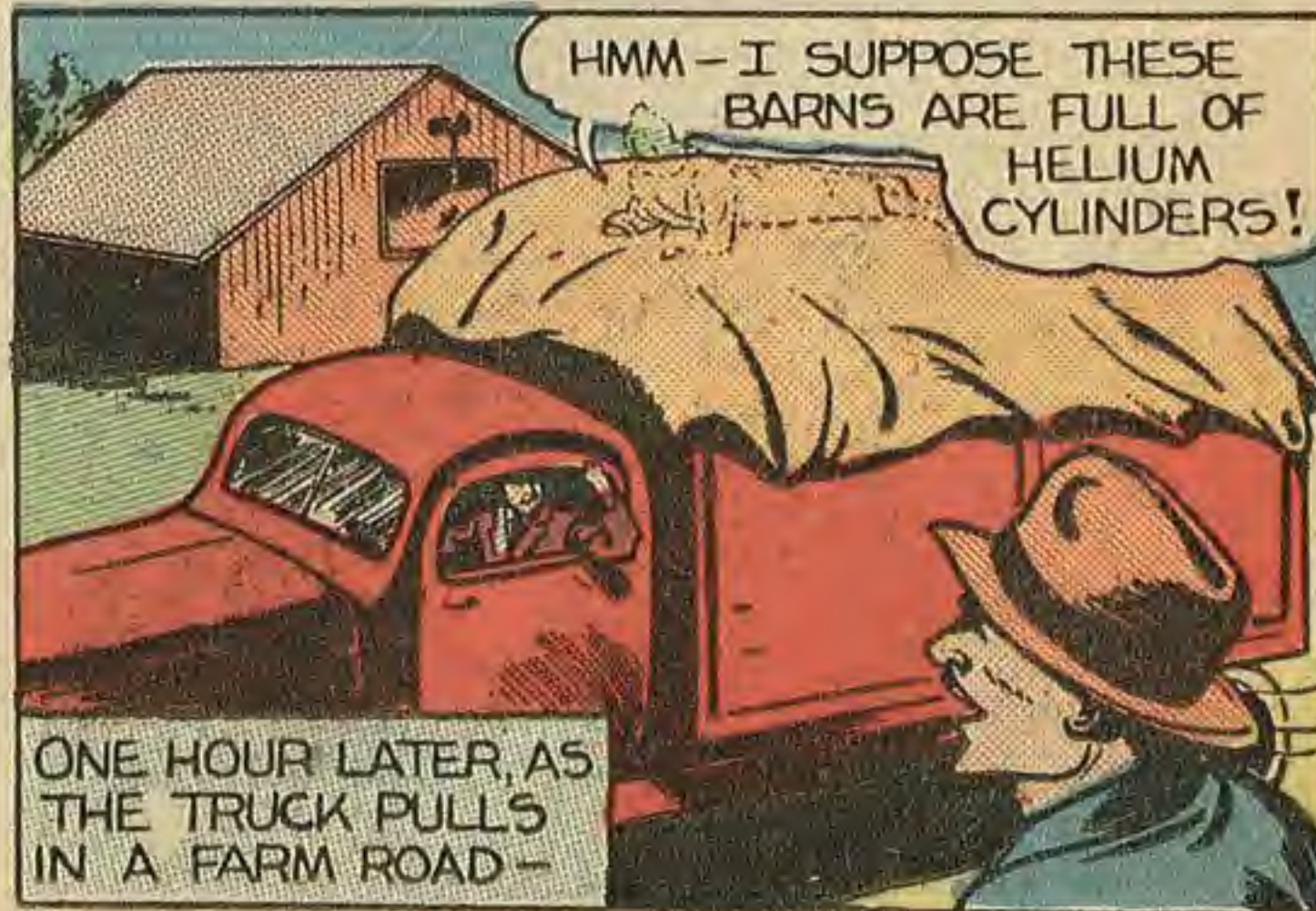


WELL—SO FAR SO GOOD—I WONDER IF THE HIDEOUT IS FAR FROM HERE!



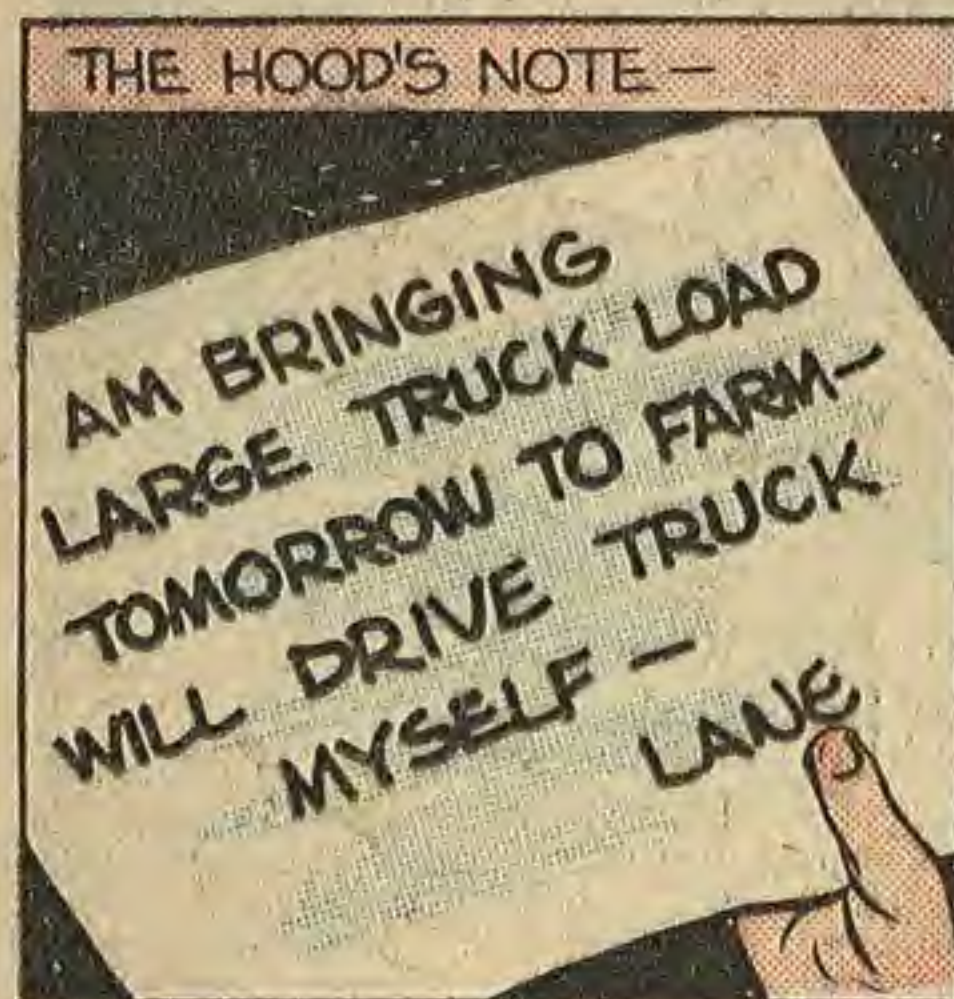
THE MEN GET INTO THE TRUCK WITH THE DRIVER—A FEW MINUTES LATER THEY LEAVE—

HMM—I SUPPOSE THESE BARNs ARE FULL OF HELIUM CYLINDERS!



ONE HOUR LATER, AS THE TRUCK PULLS IN A FARM ROAD—







WUN CLOO

HIM VELLY GOOD DETECTIVE

SOMEONE IS COUNTERFEITING PERFECT ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR BILLS—THE POLICE ARE STUMPED!—AS A LAST RESORT THE CHIEF OF POLICE VISITS THE LAUNDRY OF WUN CLOO, A STUDENT OF CRIMINOLOGY...





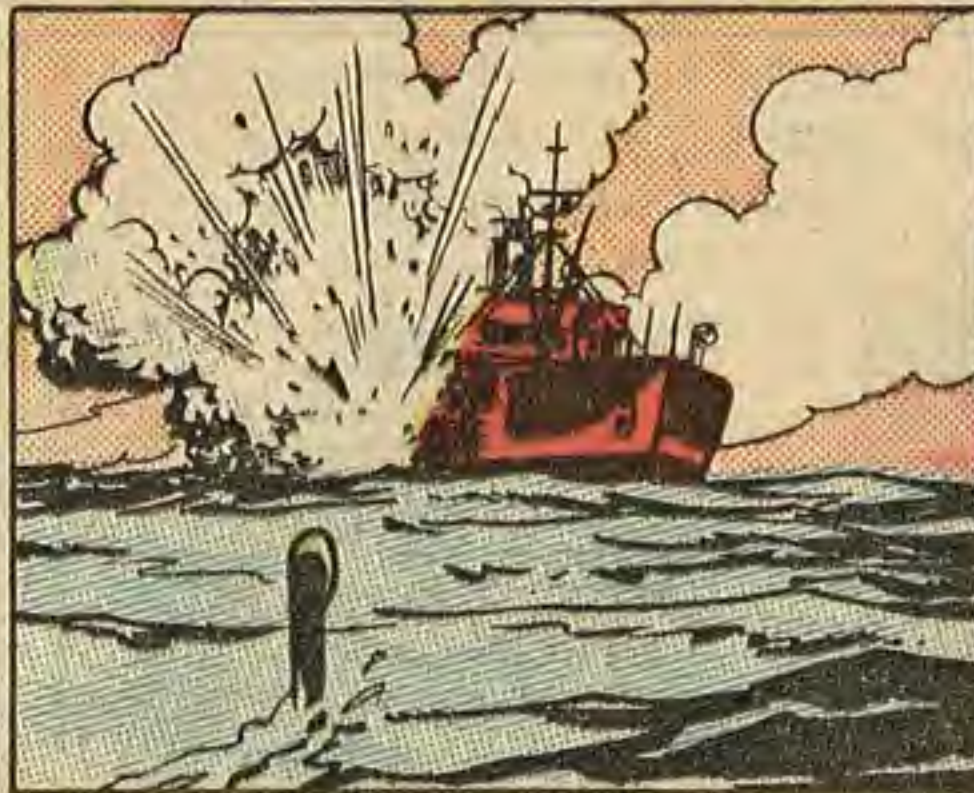
WINGS WENDALL

OF THE
MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

by Vernon Henkel

WAR! EUROPE ONCE AGAIN RESOUNDS
TO THE TRAMP OF MARCHING MILLIONS AS
A WORLD GOES MAD !!!

THE HATREDS AND JEALOUSIES
OF CENTURIES ARE UNLEASHED
BY A CONQUEST-MAD DICTATOR!



ONCE AGAIN MERCHANT SHIPS
ARE AT THE MERCY OF THE
DEADLY UNDERSEA WOLVES-SUBMARINES

AND IN THE UNITED STATES, A
WEARY-VOICED PRESIDENT MAKES
A STIRRING SPEECH...



THE UNITED STATES MUST
STAY NEUTRAL! NOT ONE
DROP OF AMERICAN BLOOD
WILL STAIN EUROPE'S
BATTLEFIELDS!

THE SECRET ARMY INTELLIGENCE
HEADQUARTERS IN WASHINGTON...



YOU'VE HEARD THE
PRESIDENT'S SPEECH,
GENTLEMEN! WE ARE
FACED WITH A VERY
DELICATE TASK!

OUR JOB WILL BE TO
SEE THAT NO ARMS GO
OUT TO THE WARRING
NATIONS!



CAPTAIN WENDALL, YOU
AND "B-10" WILL BE
DETAILED TO THE NEW
YORK AREA.. THAT
IS ALL!



YES SIR!

IT'S QUITE AN HONOR
TO BE WORKING WITH YOU,
SIR!



WELL, THIS OUGHT
TO BE INTERESTING
-AND DANGEROUS!

ALONG THE NEW YORK WATER-
FRONT...A DARKENED WAREHOUSE
SHOWS UNUSUAL ACTIVITY FOR
THE LATENESS OF THE HOUR...

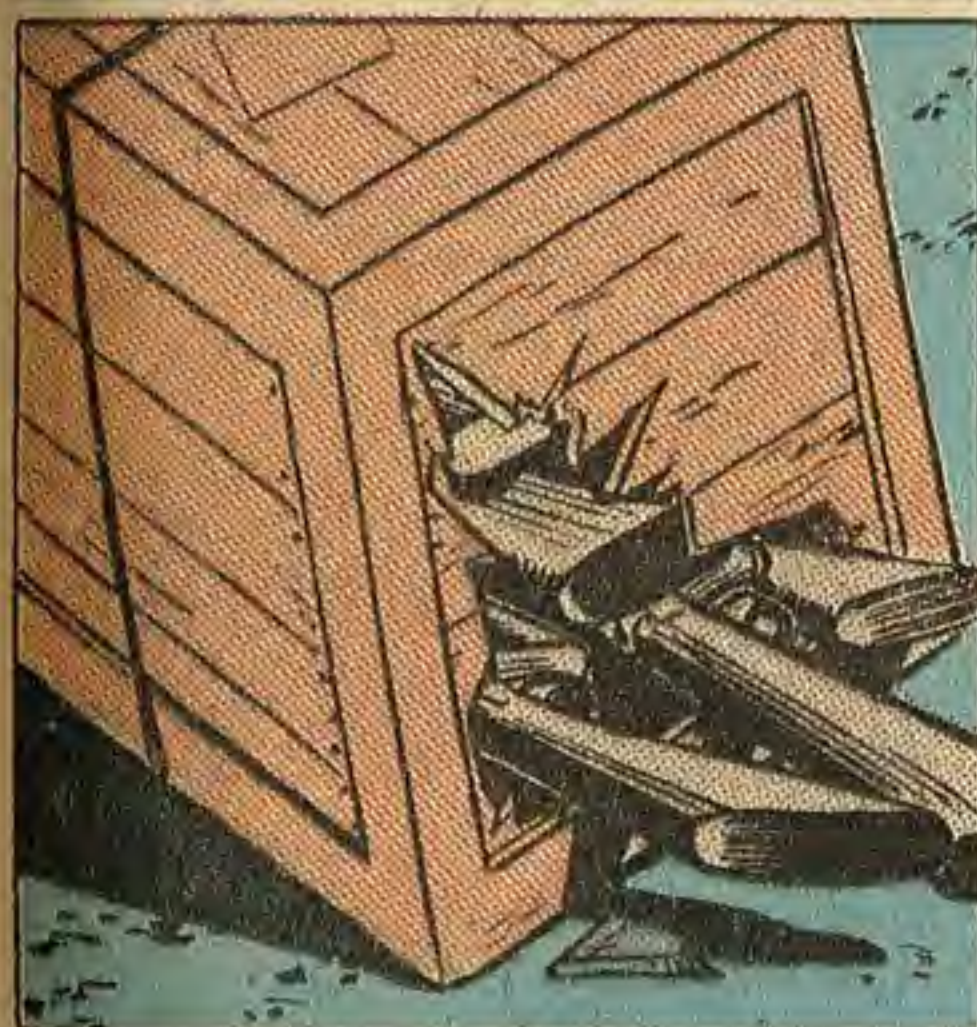


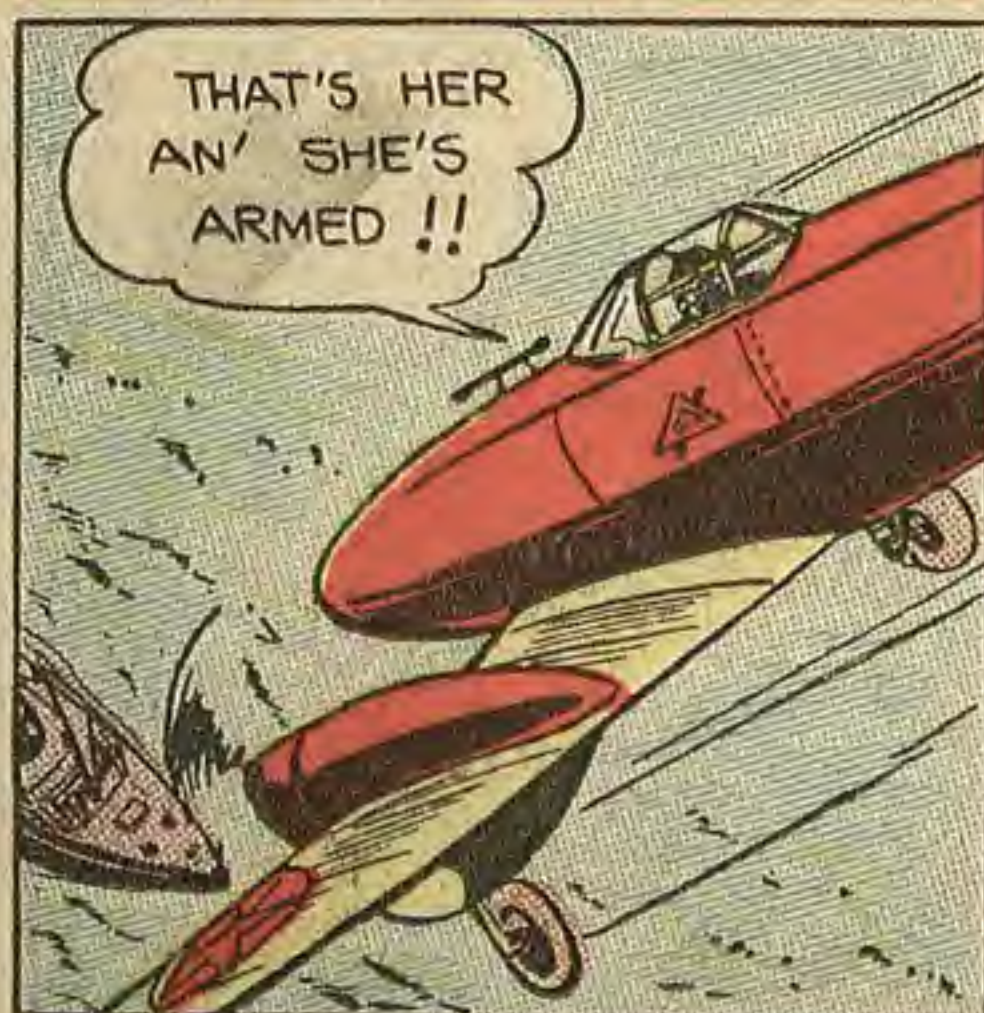
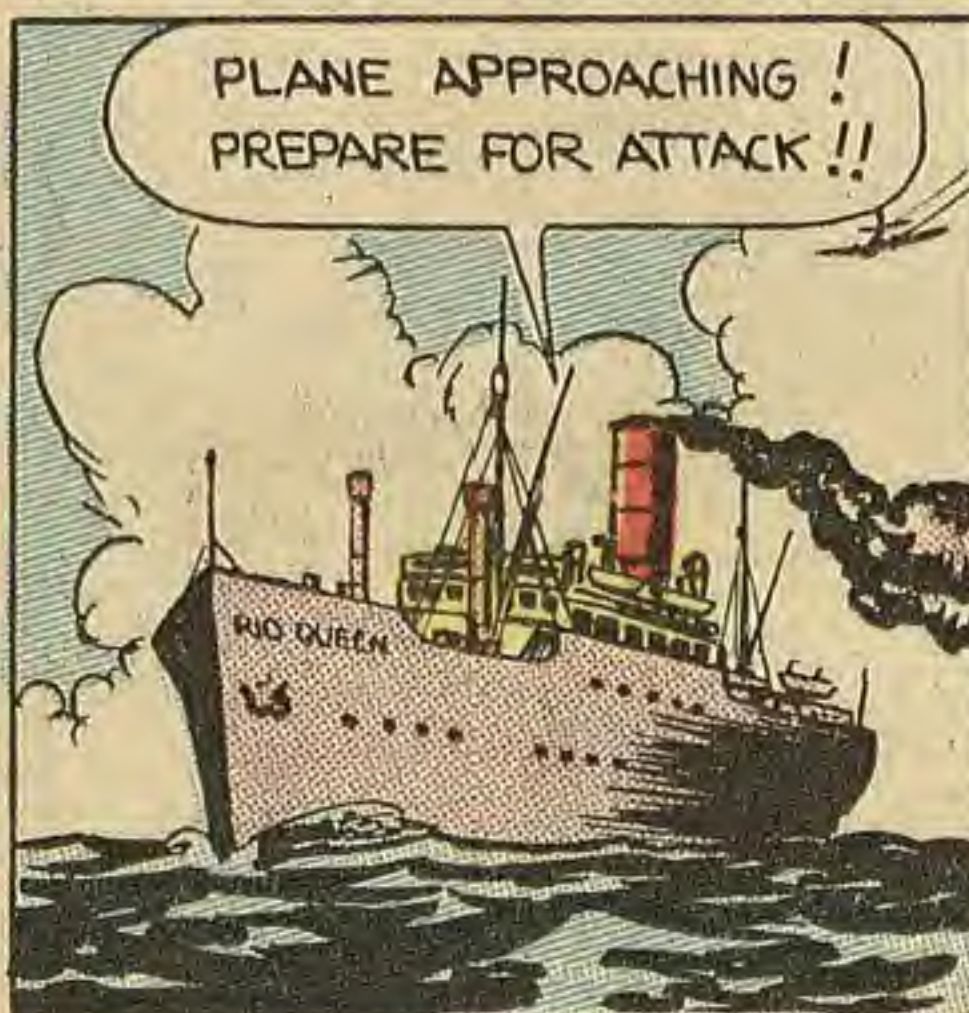
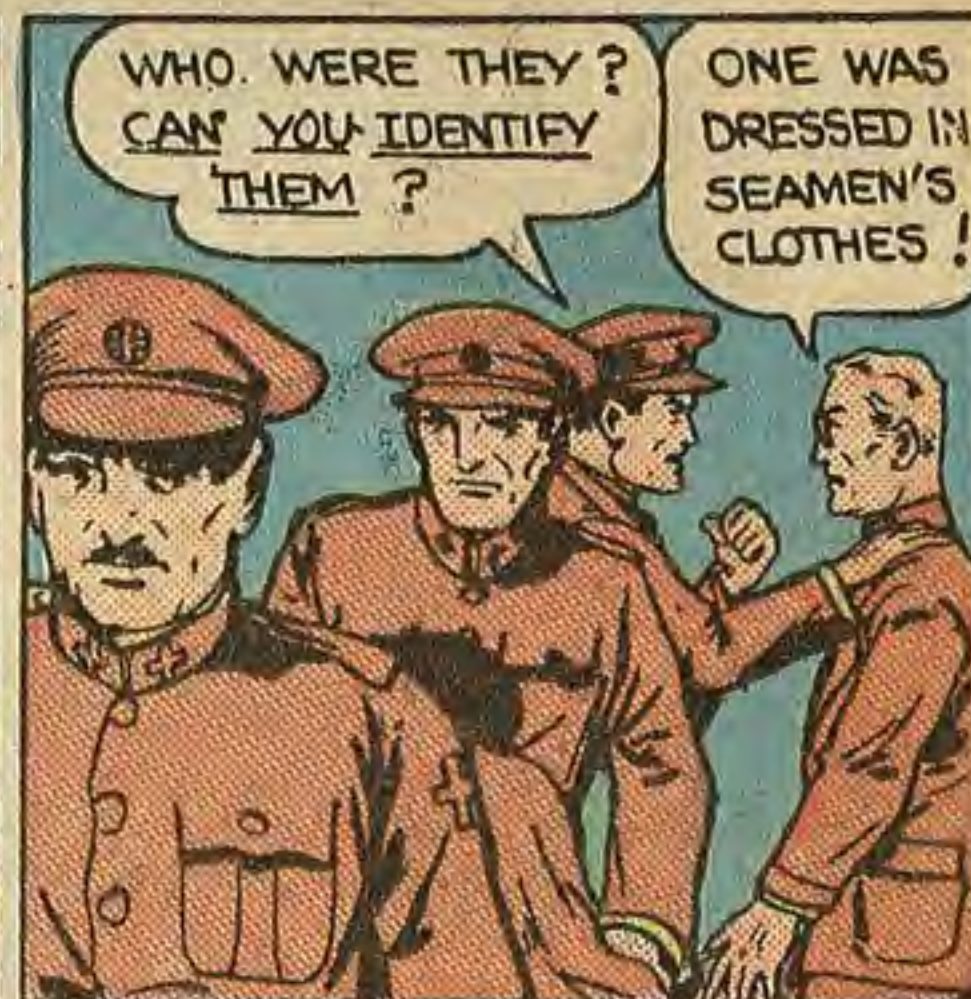
EVERYTHING'S SET!
THE CUSTOMS MEN O.K'D
THE SHIPMENT OF FARM
MACHINERY!



GOOD! WE
MUST WORK
FAST !!

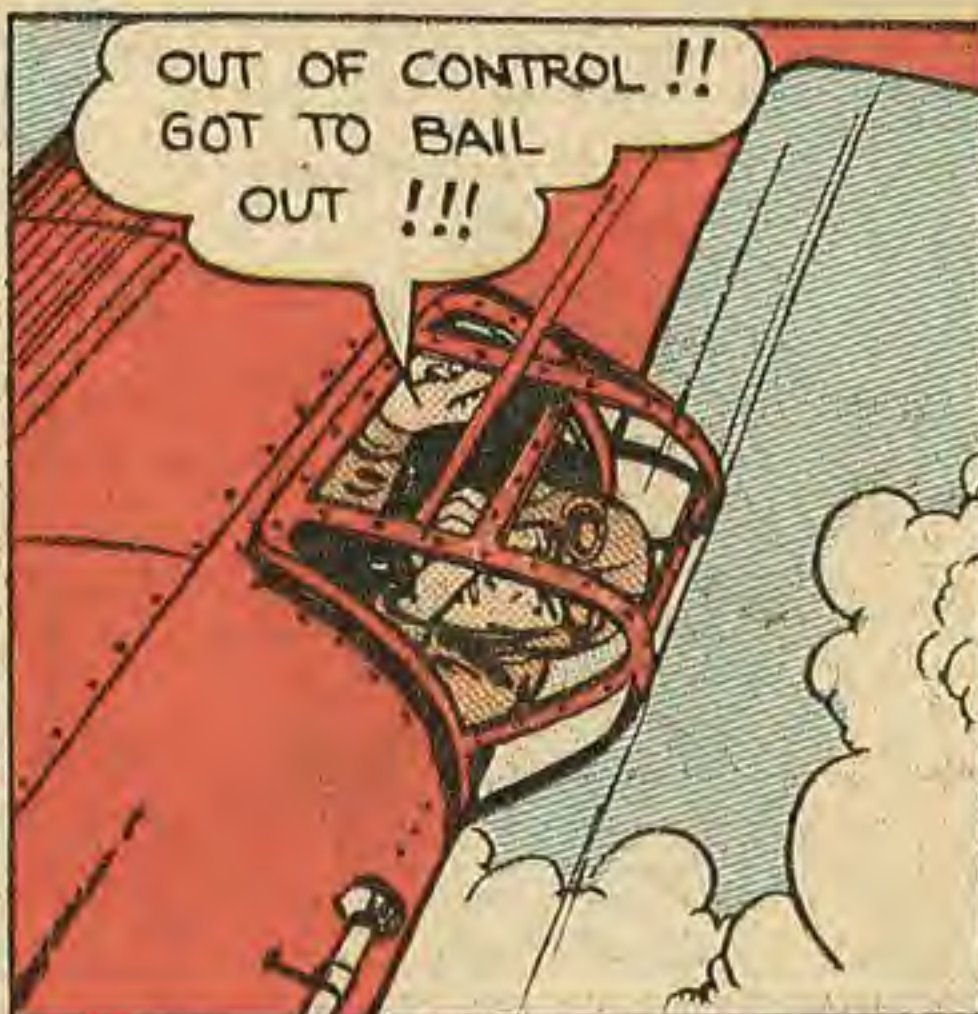
WITHIN
THE WARE-
HOUSE!



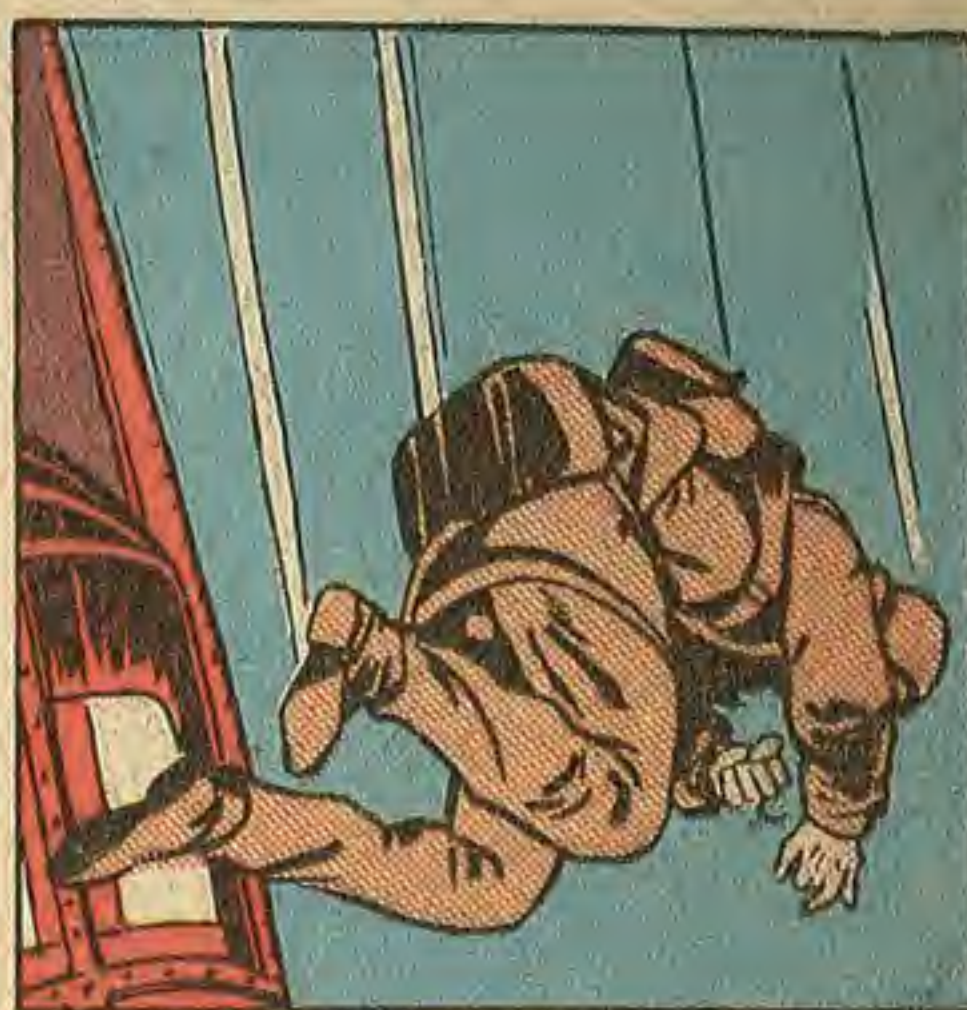




HIS PLANE RIDDLED WITH BULLETS, WINGS GOES INTO A SPIN.



OUT OF CONTROL !!
GOT TO BAIL
OUT !!!



NICE SHOOTING !
LOWER THE POWER
LAUNCH AND BRING
HIM IN !



MUST GET FREE
OF THIS CHUTE
OR IT WILL
DRAG ME UNDER !



WE JUST GOT
HIM IN TIME !



LATER, IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN

SO ! YOUR COUNTRYMAN'S
MESSAGE GOT THROUGH
AFTER ALL ! IT WILL
MAKE NO DIFFERENCE
NOW !!



YEAH ? RIGHT NOW
A PATROL OF DESTROYERS
ARE ON YOUR TRAIL !
YOU MIGHT AS WELL
SURRENDER TO ME NOW !



YOU ARE BLUFFING !
BUT SINCE I MUST
GET BACK TO MY
COUNTRY AS SOON
AS POSSIBLE, I WILL
SPARE YOUR LIFE -YET !



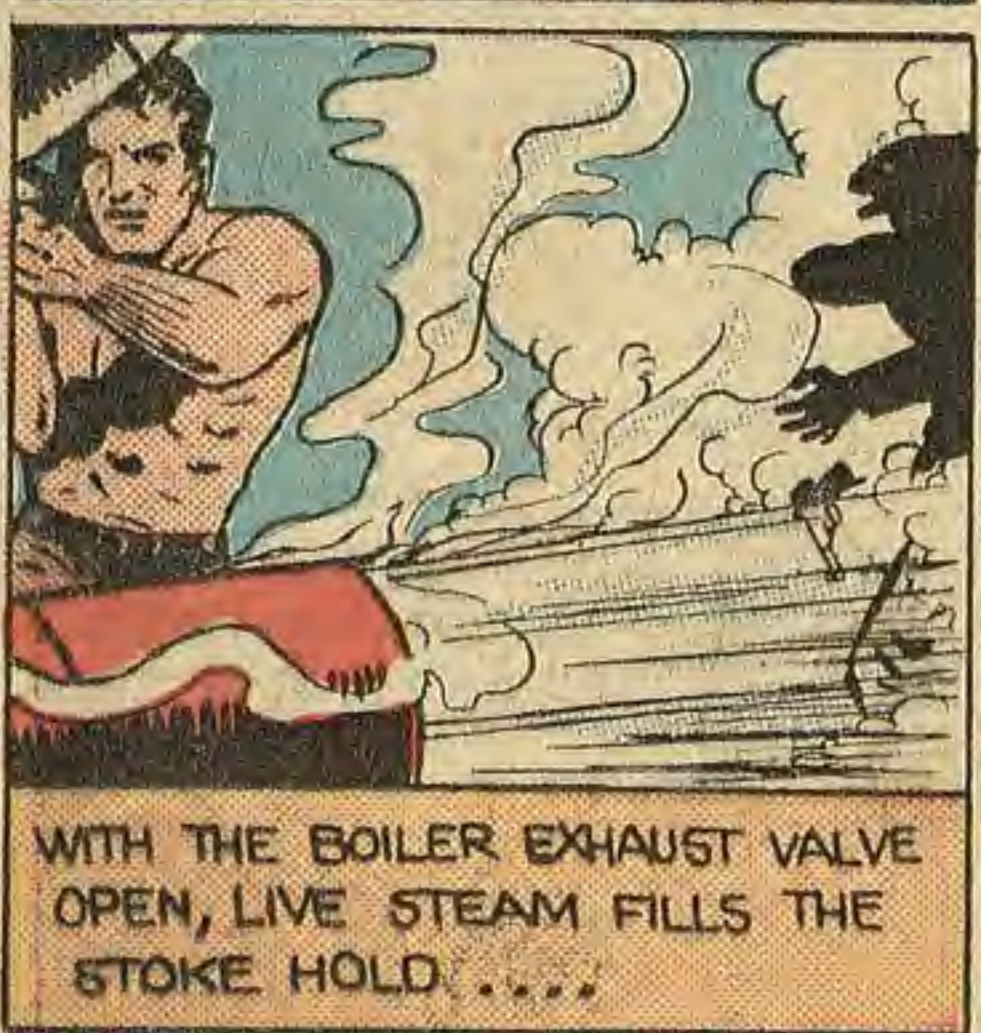
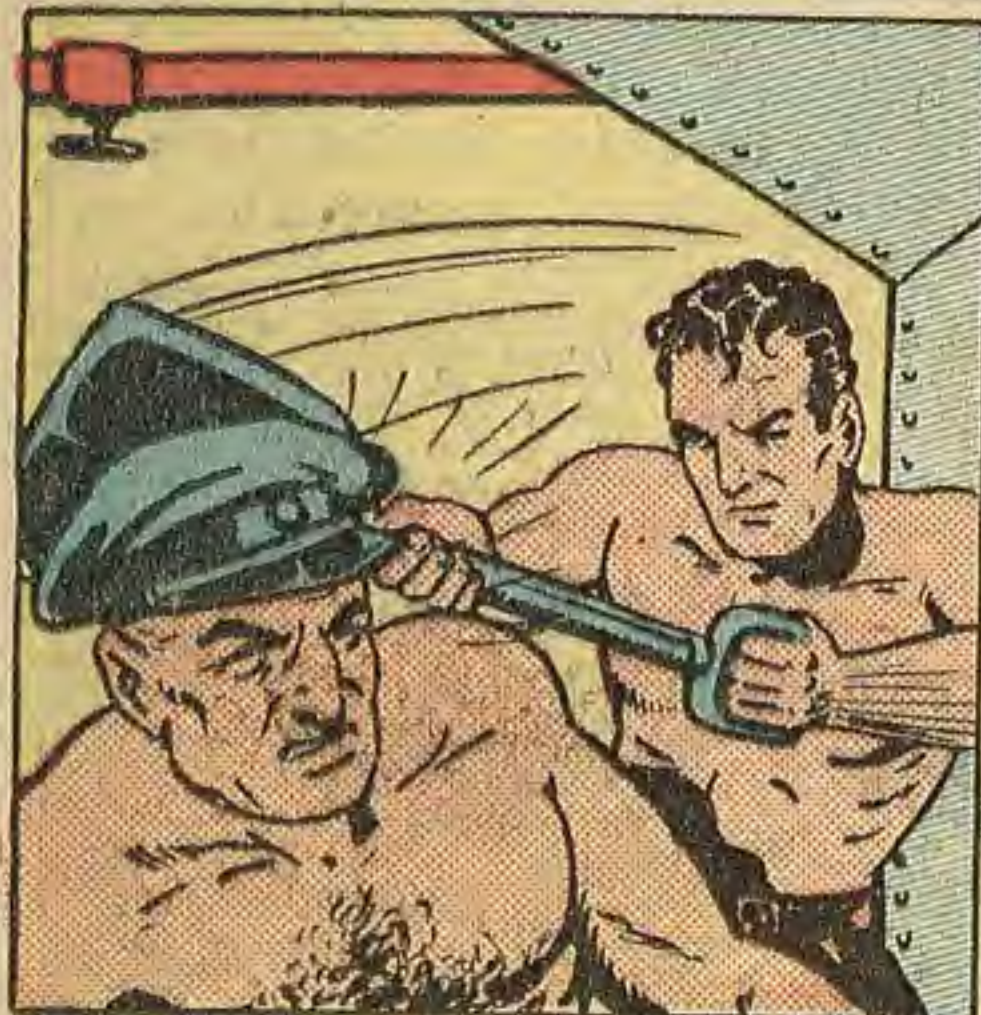
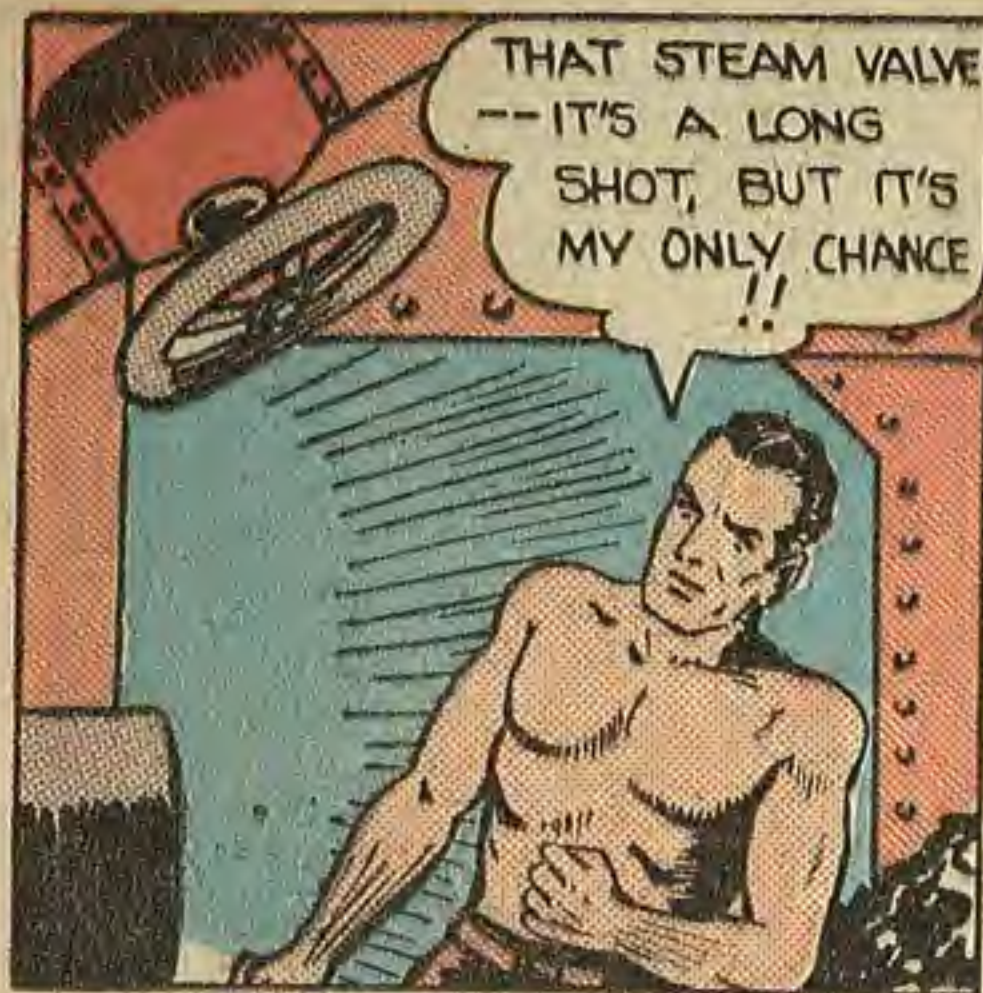
TAKE HIM BELOW -
TO THE STOKES-HOLD !



GOOT ! WE CAN USE
ANOTHER HAND DOWN
HERE ! - HERE IS
YOUR SHOVEL !



THE ENGINE ROOM !
THERE MUST BE SOME
WAY TO STOP THIS SHIP-
LOAD OF MUNITIONS !





WINGS' DEADLY FIRE DROPS THE FIRST TWO IN THE ATTACK!



THIS WILL STOP HIM!



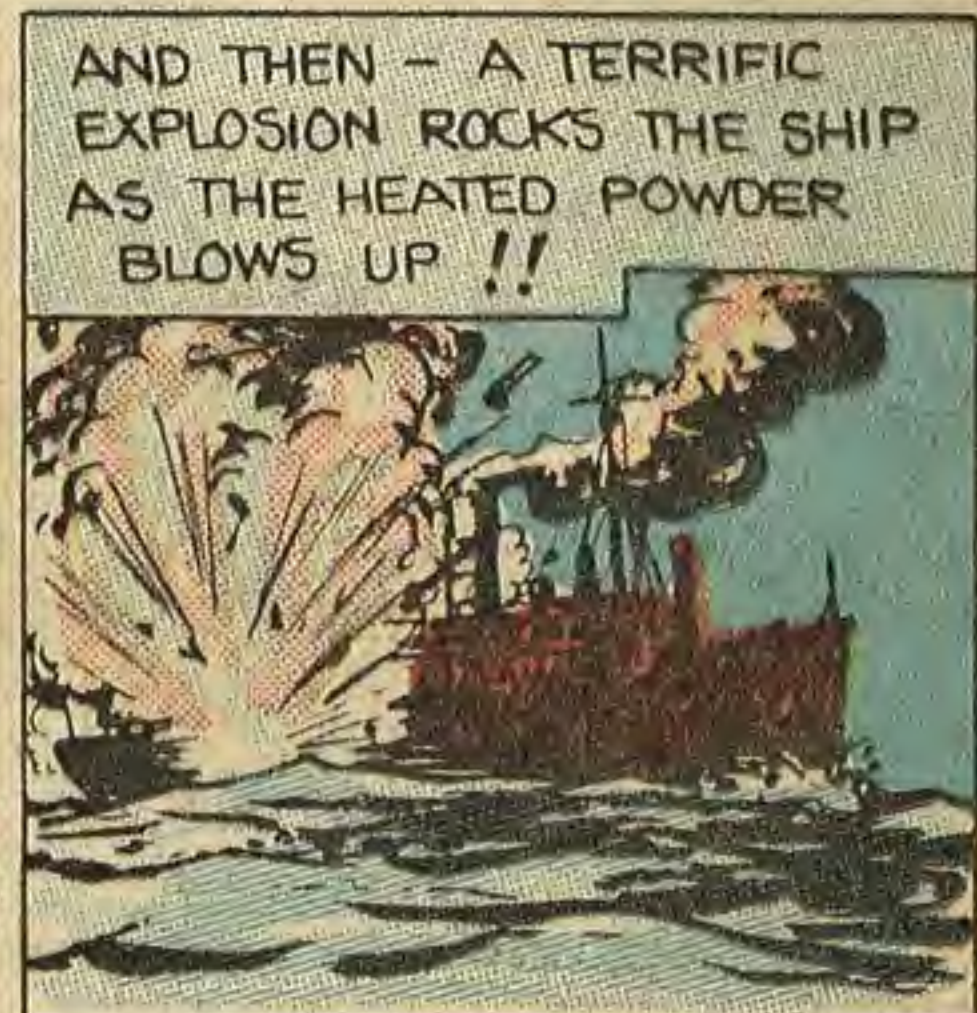
LOOKS LIKE MY FINISH!



BUT, UNKNOWN TO WINGS AND HIS ATTACKERS, THE SUPER-HEATED STEAM SEEPS INTO A POWDER-FILLED ROOM ABOVE THE STROKE HOLD



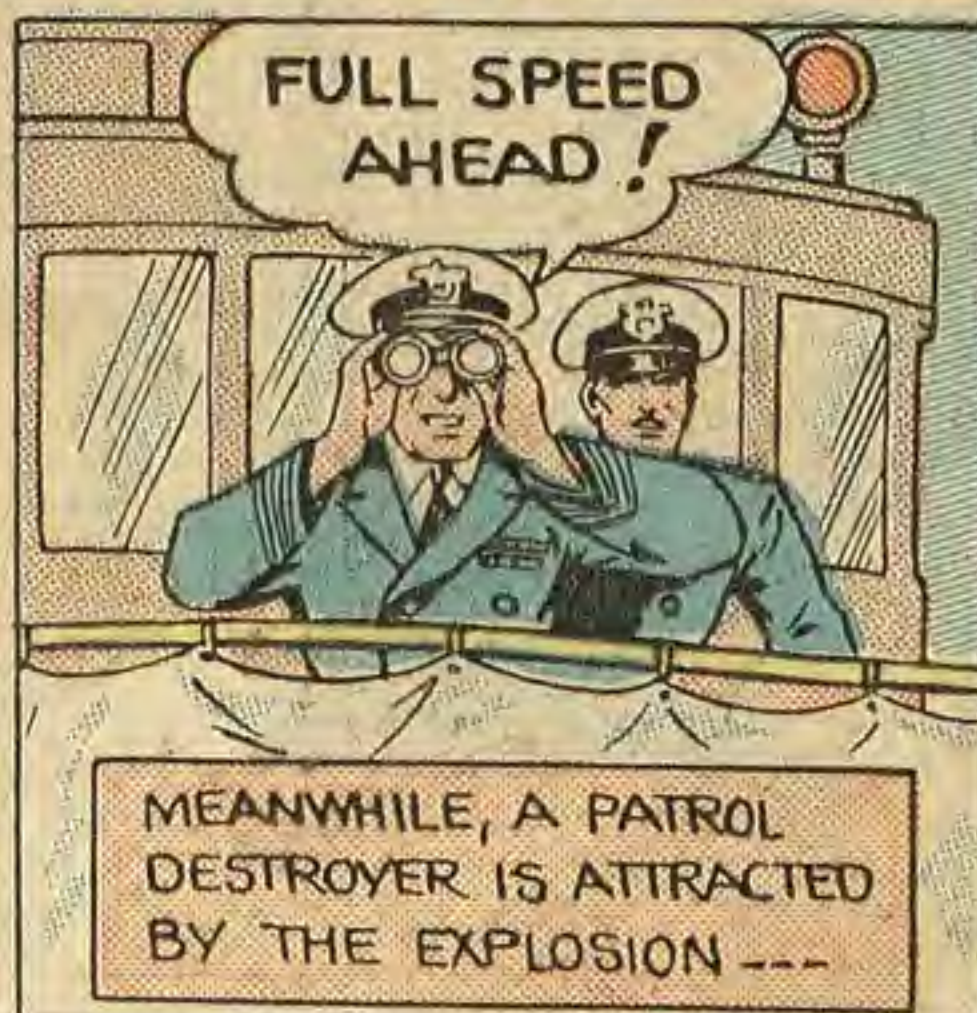
HERE THEY COME!



AND THEN - A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION ROCKS THE SHIP AS THE HEATED POWDER BLOWS UP !!



I'M STILL ALIVE! - THAT EXPLOSION KEPT ME FROM STOPPING LEAD!



FULL SPEED AHEAD!

MEANWHILE, A PATROL DESTROYER IS ATTRACTED BY THE EXPLOSION ---



GRIMY AND BATTERED, WINGS STAGGERS TO THE SIDE OF THE RIO QUEEN.



PREPARE TO RESCUE SURVIVORS!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, BUDDY?

YEAH! I'M CERTAINLY GLAD TO SEE YOU GUYS!



LATER: ABOARD THE DESTROYER

CAPTAIN WENDALL, WE'RE AT YOUR SERVICE - ANY ORDERS?

YES - MAKE PORT FAST!

UNDER FORCED DRAFT, THE DESTROYER STEAMS INTO NEW YORK HARBOR



HARBOR MASTER, I WANT THE SHIPPING LIST OF ALL DEPARTING VESSELS!



"S.S. SOUTHERN," BOUND FOR BRAZIL WITH MINING MACHINERY -- PIER 9! THAT'S IT!



GET ME THE POLICE!



WINGS' CALL GETS IMMEDIATE RESULTS



AT THE WAREHOUSE ~

LISTEN! - THE POLICE!



SURROUND THAT WAREHOUSE!



UNDER A WITHERING HAIL OF LEAD, WINGS CRASHES INTO THE WAREHOUSE



THAT FINISHES YOU, BROTHER!



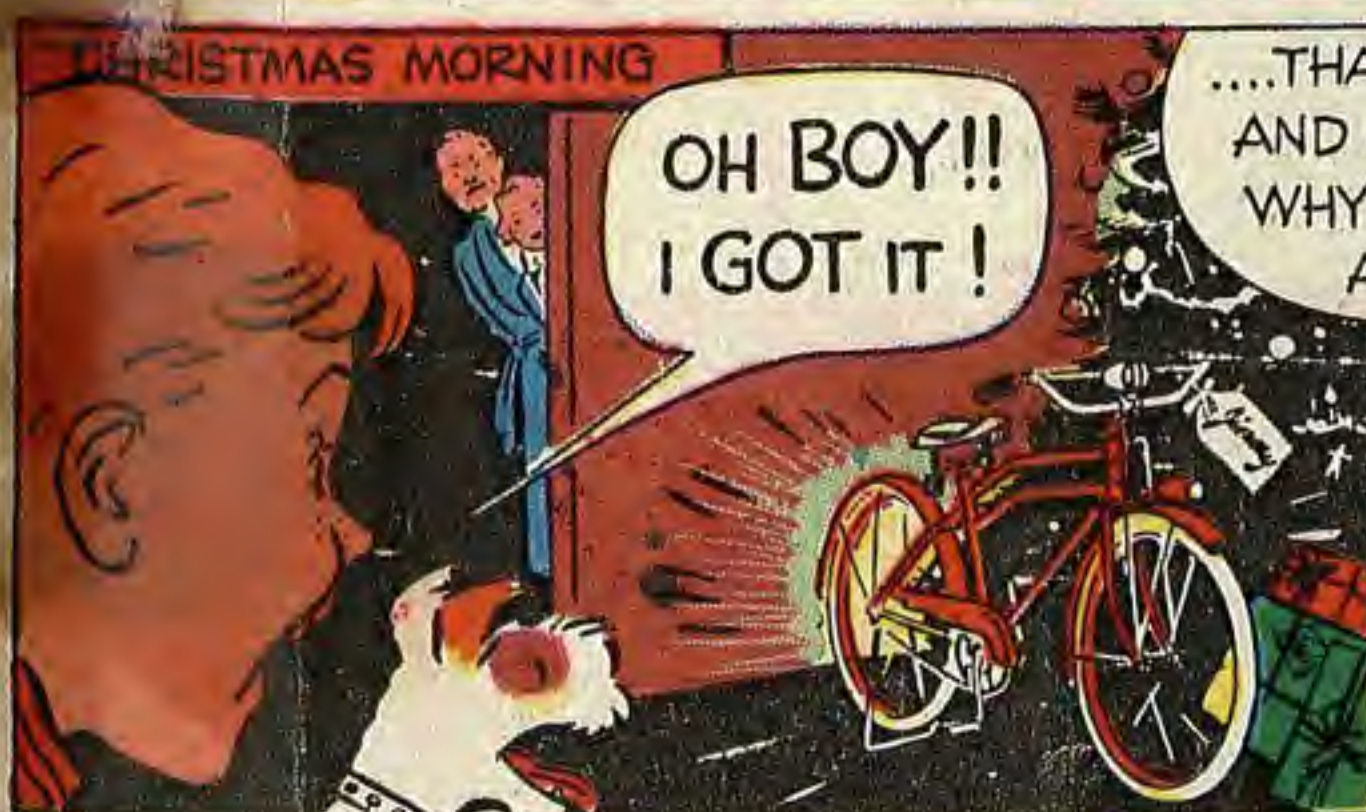
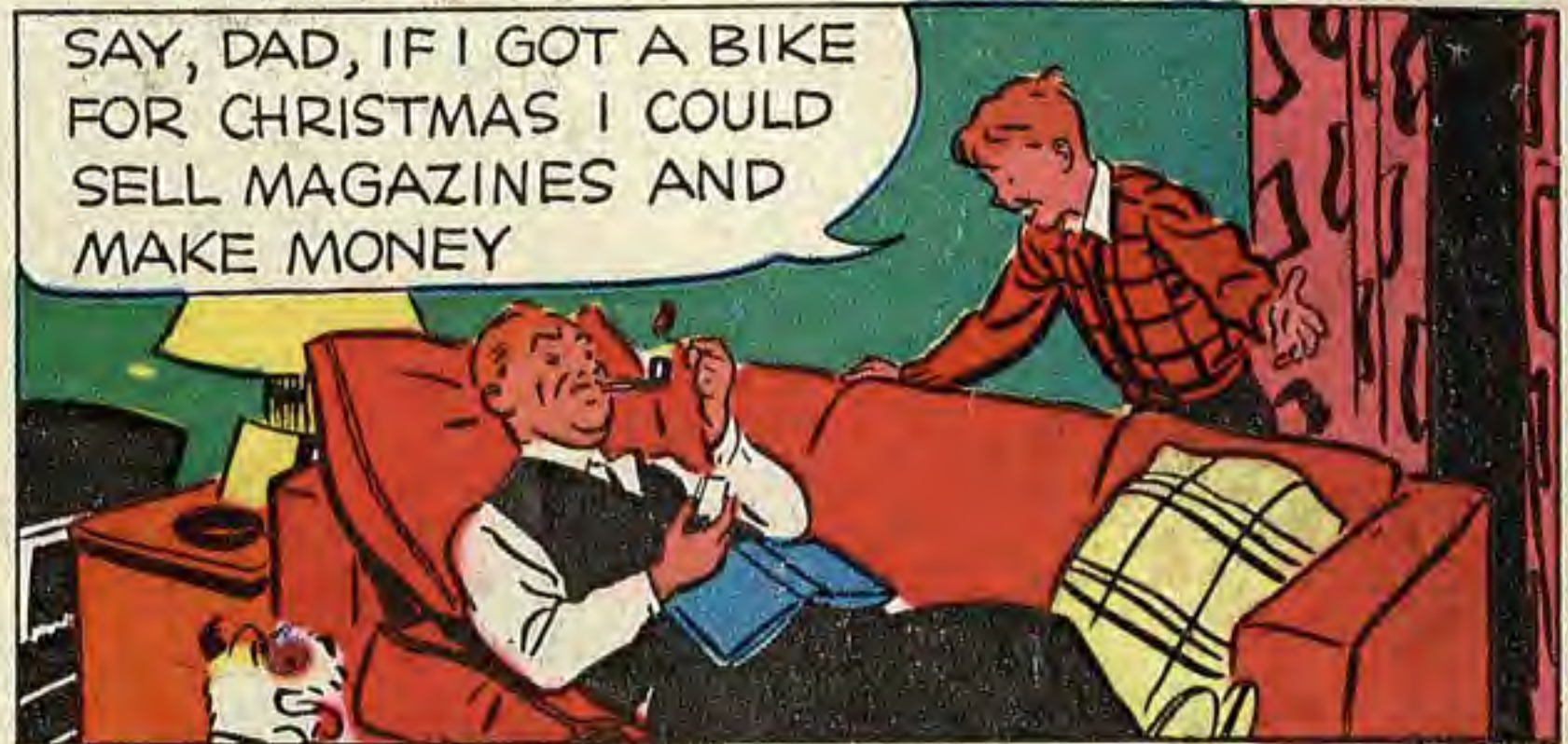
COME ON - GET IN THERE!



HELLO, CHIEF! THE MUNITIONS SMUGGLING CASE IS CLOSED - B-10 DIDN'T DIE IN VAIN - -----AS LONG AS WE HAVE MEN LIKE HIM IN THE SERVICE OUR COUNTRY WILL REMAIN SECURE!



How Jimmy Got His Bike



WINTER...here we come!

Don't wait for the snow to fly and then just *wish* you could "show your heels" to the other boys and girls on your favorite sledding or skiing hill. Tell Dad and Mother, whether it's a sled or skis . . . that it's Flexible Flyer you want. But be sure to tell them now, for . . .

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The new, streamlined Flexible Flyers are the smoothest, speediest, safest sleds ever made. They're just exactly what you want for Xmas. Flexible Flyers super-steering that gives a turning range double that of other sleds . . . and Flexible Flyer's Safety-Airline runners that do away with sharp edges, are safety features that will please Mother and Dad. And don't forget to remind Dad that Flexible Flyer was probably his favorite sled when he was your age.

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402 Glenwood Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.



THE LUCKY BROTHERS



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402 GLENWOOD AVE.
PHILA., PA.

Gentlemen: Please send me, right away, free information about the "Flexible Flyer Club" of Sure Sledders including free membership pin "n' everything."

Flexible Flyer

SLEDS and SKIS

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Address _____

City & State _____